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CATS AND DOGS

BY Mrs HUGH MILLER











WATCHING THE MARCH OF THE CARAVAN.



CATS AND DOGS;

OR,

NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF TWO GREAT FAMILIES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

By

MRS. HUGH MILLER.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

"'Tis sweet to muse upon His skill displayed—
Infinite skill!—in all that He has made."

COWPER.

LONDON:
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EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1868.

189. f. 29.



IT is attempted, in the following pages, to throw many common facts and anecdotes regarding the cats and dogs into a more continuous and interesting form than that in which they are usually presented to the juvenile public. It will be perceived that the conversations, being supposed to be held with young people of different ages, are not adapted in every part for children so young as our little Harry. It is hoped, however, that much of them may be found suitable for reading aloud to an intelligent child of that age; for all instruction is much better communicated at so early a period either orally or by actual observation. Girls or boys so old as Bessie, or below twelve, had better read them to their mother, aunt, or guardian, who will on her part encourage them to make their remarks freely, giving further explanations when

necessary. Those who kindly undertake this trouble will find that hard names and difficult words do not in this little book, as is often the case, form any obstacles to an understanding of the subject. But it may be objected that too much has been tried in the way of attempting to imbue it with the elements of thought. This has been done on the supposition that children *will* ask hard questions; and that while so much of their correct thinking in after-life, with regard to nature in its relation to God, depends on the reply to these questions, it is as well to answer them to the best of one's ability. The author can give no reason why she began *at this end* of natural history, so to speak, which to many people will not appear the most inviting, unless it was just the frequent spectacle of pussy lying on the hearth-rug, and the great quantity of nonsense often spoken regarding her and her congeners which that spectacle suggested. One lecturer proposed in public, not long ago, as an amendment on the well-known hymn,—

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God hath made them so;"
>
> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For *Satan* made them so."

No little audacity, certainly, to endow Satan with the creative prerogative of the Almighty, and to dub him at once God's vicegerent on earth. It appears necessary that the elements of destructiveness be accepted from God's hands as his appointment, and subservient to a higher good. Not only did they exist in full force during the past history of our globe, but they belong to the present creation, which the voice of God himself pronounced "very good." There is no *second creation* recorded after the Fall; and to suppose that all things made and adjusted themselves to the introduction of moral evil, from the denizens of the forest, air, and water, down to the animalculæ that inhabit a drop of water, or that the prince of darkness has so adjusted them, would be to suppose a monstrous and impious absurdity. It would, in fact, dispense with the necessity for a God at all; so do extremes meet. It is neither creation which is wrong nor the Bible, but the crude and false notions imbibed by many in their childish days, not fully reconsidered, and that places science—which is only nature studied and elaborated according to the laws of the human mind—in needless antagonism with divine truth.

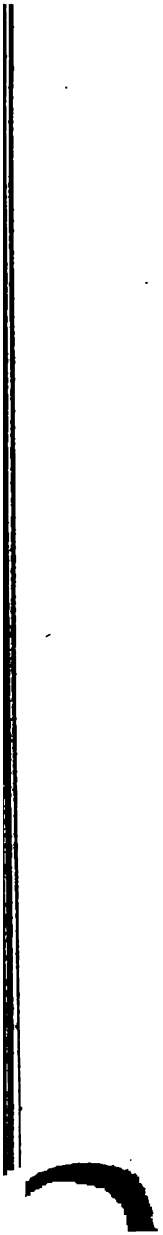
If these pages for the young help to give them ideas sufficiently just to prevent, in after-life, a useless and dangerous collision with the Word of God, in their more mature study of his works—above all, if they assist in ever so small a measure to form the habit of looking not only for God in all things, but *at all things in God*, which is the more scriptural expression, as well as the higher attitude of mind, the writer will not have been employing a few of her leisure hours in vain.

"*In Him* we live, and move, and have our being."



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CATS AND DOGS.

PART I.—CATS.

CHAPTER I.

PLEASANT TALK ABOUT A DOMESTIC PET.

NOT long ago there lived in a very good house, situated in a village near the sea-coast, two children, who were named Bessie and Harry Myrtle. They had a governess, who taught them to read, to write, and to spell, with many other useful matters; but there were some things which their own mother loved best to teach them herself, and these were things relating to God and Nature. Every day she gave them a lesson in natural history, and this was the way in which the first of these lessons was begun.

One evening about the middle of December, after Bessie and Harry had been dressed for dinner, they came into the drawing-room to wait for a little while

beside their mamma. No one else was there, unless, indeed, pussy might be called some one, for *she* lay snugly coiled up like a ball on the hearth-rug. Their brother Arthur, who was going to be a clergyman, was still busily engaged in study in his own room; and Marjory, their elder sister, was playing on the piano in the school-room up-stairs. All were waiting to hear the dinner-bell; but that did not ring at the usual time, for papa had not yet come in. Something had happened to detain him, and mamma said they must still wait on for another half-hour. The little children wearied sadly, because they were hungry and had nothing to do. Their mother was sitting on a couch by the fireside, looking as if she were either suffering from headache or thinking very anxiously about something; for she was quite silent, and leaned her head upon her hand. The lustre was not lighted, but a bright fire burned in the grate, which often sent up sudden jets of flame, that ed up the furniture in the dark places of the room, l as the pretty pictures which hung upon the walls. he gas was burning brightly in the hall outside, in ng-room just opposite, the door of which ide open; and Harry could not help g to have a peep out at the dining-table, amask cloth and glittering silver, looked o a hungry little boy. Nor could he often, in a half-whisper, "I *wish* papa

would come—I *wish* papa would come—I *wish* the dinner-bell would ring." Then he came and leaned his head on his mamma's shoulder and was still.

Bessie had seated herself in a large arm-chair, and seemed asleep; but she must only have been in a waking dream, for suddenly she exclaimed, "Mamma, Christmas is coming soon! Shan't we go and see something in the holiday-week as we used to do?"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Harry, brightening up, "there's a 'nagerie come to town; I saw the great wooden house, and the elephant's legs walking along below it, and two camels with humps going beside it. *Mustn't* we go to the 'nagerie?"

"Menagerie, dear," said mamma, correcting Harry; who, though he was five years old, did not always pronounce long words very plainly. "Well, I daresay you must go to the menagerie; but would it not be best to know a little first about some of the animals you are going to see? Shall I tell you something now till your papa comes? Which shall we begin with?"

"With the camel," said Bessie.

"The great roaring lion," said Harry, "that goes about seeking some one to devour."

"What," said mamma, "if we should begin with pussy, who lies sleeping there at our feet on the hearth-rug?"

"Oh, but," cried the children, laughing, "we do not need to go to the menagerie to see pussy."

"True," said Mrs. Myrtle; "but as pussy is in most respects exactly like the great roaring lion, and the fierce tiger, and the spotted leopard, and is, in fact, of the same genus or kind, it will be easiest for us to examine her; for you wouldn't like, I am pretty sure, to see a roaring lion spring up on my lap to have his teeth and claws looked at. But, first of all, tell me how pussy gets her food. What does she like best to eat?"

"Mice, and birds," cried both the children at once.

"And does she catch them alive?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then she doesn't need a butcher to kill her meat for her. She is a beast of prey. Have you ever seen her watch for a mouse?"

"Yes," said Harry; "if she can get into the store-closet she will sit on the top of a barrel for a whole day watching for a mouse to stir."

"All the animals of that race," said Mrs. Myrtle, "are remarkable for the *patience* with which they will wait and watch."

"But, mamma," said Bessie, "pussy is often very cruel. I saw something one day from a back-window which makes me dislike her, when I think of it, ever since. She had caught such a pretty little bird, and if she had eaten it up at once it would not have been so bad; but she let it get a good way off, and then crouched down and fixed her green eyes upon it, and it seemed

nct to be able to help looking at her. I thought it might have got off if it had only spread its wings quickly and flown away; but she held it with her glittering



THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

eye, like the man you were reading to Arthur about in that story-poem, and they stood looking at each other such a time, that my heart was beating for the poor bird

so loud that I could hear it; but whenever it made a little flutter she darted on it like lightning, and shook it in her mouth, and tossed it with her paws. Then she let it off again, and I thought this time I would try to save. I ran quickly out; but whenever she heard my footstep, she seized it and darted off in a moment. Oh, *bad* pussy! *cruel* pussy!" said Bessie, looking reproachfully at the cat, who, warm and comfortable, did not seem in the least conscious of the charges brought against her.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Myrtle, "you must remember that pussy has not got a soul like you, and is not at all aware of her cruelty. She wants the sense of right and wrong—that which in human beings is called the *moral sense*, and which makes them accountable for their actions. She, on the other hand, has no choice. She *must* act according to her nature and *physical structure*."

"What is physical structure?" asked both the children.

"The way in which her body is made," replied their mother, "which fits her for a certain way of life. *You*, for example, could not catch mice and birds like puss, even if you were ever so willing, because your physical structure is entirely different. But let us proceed to examine Mrs. Puss, and then you will see better what I mean. Lift her up gently on my knee."

Bessie and Harry made a cat's cradle of their little

hands, and placed pussy where they were told; and she on her part purred a little, stretched herself, and then lay down to sleep again.

"Now," said their mamma, "look first at her paws. Tell me how they are made?"

"Oh," said Harry, "they have got a nice pad or cushion under each toe."

"And what are these for?" asked Mrs. Myrtle.

"I know," cried Bessie. "I wager it is to make her tread softly, so that the mice and birds may not hear her when she goes to catch them."

"And are her paws always as soft and velvety as they are now?" asked mamma.

"No, indeed," said Harry, laughing. "When I tease her, she puts out her claws like sharp nails with hooks at the end, and gives me a good scratch."

"Then are these claws given to her for nothing, do you think, but to scratch you?"

"Oh, I daresay," said the children, "she puts them out when she makes her great jump, and catches hold of poor little mousey with them."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Myrtle; "without them the smooth skin of the mouse, or the shiny feathers of the bird, would slip out of her paws, which would be too soft and velvety to hold anything. Now, hold back her head, open her mouth gently, and see what sort of teeth she has got."

"She has four terrible ones at the corners," said the children, "which must pierce like spears. She has back ones, too, for eating with; but I suppose she kills and tears with the four long ones."

"Feel her tongue now," said Mrs. Myrtle.

"We need not do that," replied the children; "she often licks our hands, and we know that her tongue is rough. What is that for?"

"It is that she may lick all the small particles of flesh clean off the bones, supposing that these should be too big for her to swallow. One thing more only I shall point out to you just now, and that is her eyes. Do you know which part is the pupil?"

"Isn't it the little round black thing in the middle?" asked Bessie.

"Yes; and that is just an opening for admitting the light. Now, if a great glare of light were to come into her eyes, she could make the pupils quite small, so as to shut it out. On the contrary, when there is very little light, she *dilates*, or opens them wide, in order to catch all that there is. It is this which enables her to find her food during the night; for the night is her natural time to prowl about and provide for herself. She cannot absolutely see in total darkness; but in what appears darkness to us, she catches in those wide-opened pupils all the scattered rays of light. Her hearing, too, is very quick. I believe you will never catch her in so sound

a sleep, but that, if she hears the smallest rustling or chirping resembling that of a mouse or bird, she will instantly raise her head and listen."

"I have often seen her do that," said Bessie. "It is very curious to see her wake up in a moment, prick up her ears, and listen with all her body."

"That is a very good distinction," said her mamma, smiling; "if it were a human being, you would say with all her soul; but her attitude does give one the idea of an intense life pervading every bodily organ, which is altogether peculiar to her race. Now, dears, when I tell you that there is no other part of her body but is exactly and beautifully fitted for the same end—that is, to enable her to provide for her wants—you will see that her way of life is not of her own choosing. When you are old enough to study the subject further, you will know that all her muscles, all her bones, and all her *intestines*—that is, her inward parts—are as exactly made and put together, for one and the same end, as those which you can understand a little about even at present."

"But, mamma," said Bessie, "why is it—"

"My dear little Bessie," said her mamma, "you don't know enough of nature—that is, God's works and his plans—to ask many *whys* of the kind which I see you have got in your head at present. We must first learn to look at things *exactly as they are*, and then, as we come to know more, God's plan will gradually unfold

itself, and we shall come both to admire and adore his Almighty wisdom. All that those have to do at first who study in the great book of nature, is to *be sure that they see right.* In order to reason right, we must see right first, and every one needs to learn to see, and to know very carefully, that they may not make wrong answers to those *whys* which a little child may ask. But, Bessie, we have been looking at the least pleasant part of pussy's character; don't you think we ought now to study her in the most favourable light—that is, as the companion of man."

"Or woman, rather," cried Marjory, a lively girl of fifteen, who had just entered the room. "When I can boast of a garret for myself, I mean to advertise for the handsomest cat, as that American man Barnum did for the finest baby, in a given district. What a crowd of pretty pets there will be! and of old ladies too, each carrying a tabby as demure as herself. But, mamma dear, indeed I shall be moderate," continued she, seeing that her mother looked at her a little gravely; "indeed I shall only keep *one*, but that shall be the princess of cats."

"Ah, Marjory," said her mother, "old maids and their cats have long been a standing joke for giddy people like you. But may not this joke have a reverse, as so many others have? Like medals, jokes have often a superscription on both sides, the one as like the other

as laughter is to tears. But is it necessary to be an old maid, to find companionship in the society of a cat? Do you remember that poor widow you used often to go and see—old Martha? You know she was quite deaf, and almost shut out from the world outside. Don't you remember her little lonely cottage in the fields of but one single room, and how perfectly neat and bright that always was, with its bed in one corner, its sofa, chest of drawers, and bright hearth, with the kettle singing on the fire, even though it might be the middle of summer, and the clustering roses were looking in at the little casement window. But how much more lonely it would have seemed—and not only seemed, but would really have been—without pussy lying cosily asleep before the fender. And how careful Martha was of her cat! How she divided with it every day her halfpenny-worth of milk, which was all she could afford! Now, don't you think it a touching proof of God's foreseeing kindness, that he should provide a little companion for the poor and lonely, so gentle, so inoffensive, and that may be kept at so very small an expense?"

"Yes, indeed, I remember," said Marjory, "and I was a naughty girl to forget. I shall go forthwith and make a sketch of old Martha's cottage, with the hill rising behind it, over which the setting sun used to linger so lovingly. I wish I could take a sketch of the interior, too, for Martha's sake; but she is gone! Her pussy

should not be forgotten, nor her Bible always lying open on the little room table below the window."

"Perhaps you may be able to do it from memory, my love, by-and-by, when you have had more practice in drawing; and pray let it recall to us that bright summer's evening when you and I went to see her together, and, knocking long and loud at the door, and getting no answer, we remembered that she always went to bed very early; but to make sure that it was not owing to her deafness, we peeped in between the roses at the casement. There we saw Martha quite alone as usual, but kneeling at the sofa which stood at the foot of her bed, evidently in communion with her God. Don't you remember how quickly we withdrew, as if guilty of some unlawful intrusion; and how silently you and I walked home, feeling as if a flood of sacred light had been poured over fields and hills and sunset skies? God indeed had been in that cottage in a nobler character than even as the God of nature—as the God of grace, dwelling in a lowly and contrite heart. But there is papa's step, and I am glad of it, for little Harry looks as if we had got quite beyond him."

"Are we done of pussy now, mamma?" asked Harry.

"Not quite, dear," answered his mamma; "we shall talk a little about her again at this time to-morrow, and after that we shall get on to the 'great roaring lion.'"

CHAPTER II.

CATS AND WILD CATS; OR, PUSSY AND HER FOREFATHERS.

NEXT day Bessie and Harry got ready for dinner sooner than usual, and came to their mamma in the drawing-room. This was indeed the best time for a little talk such as we have narrated; for in the forenoon they had their lessons, and mamma had her household duties to attend to; in the afternoon there were walks and visitors; and in the evening the older children were busy preparing lessons for their several schools, which their mother superintended. But here was a nice little snug time for Bessie and Harry to have all for themselves. There was a good deal of difference between the ages of these two children. Bessie was nine, and Harry only going six; but he was a bright intelligent boy, who never passed a difficult word without inquiring its meaning, and trying to apply it in all sorts of ways. She, on the contrary, was extremely difficult to teach; it cost her very much trouble to learn a few verses; grammar it seemed quite impossible to get into her little head, while

she had no memory at all for hard names. Yet she was a child of a great deal of character and spirit, and sometimes asked questions which it would puzzle the wisest persons to answer. But in all that related to *learning*, Harry and she might have gone on together, so much quicker was his capacity in proportion to his age. This may serve to show how it was that Bessie often led on to subjects which Harry could hardly comprehend, while as little scholars they might be considered nearly on a par.

"Where did we leave off?" asked mamma; "what were we saying yesterday about pussy?"

"We were looking," replied Harry, "at her teeth and claws, and seeing how well she was fitted to be a beast of prey; as well," added he, "as Jack the Giant-Killer, with his coat of darkness, his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness."

"But you were saying last," said Bessie, "that pussy was made likewise to be the companion of men and children, and lonely women like poor old Martha."

"Yes," said mamma, "quite right; and is it not wonderful that God has given pussy *two natures*, not mixed together, as it were, but quite separate and distinct from each other? He has given her one nature for herself; and the other for a creature far far away from her and above her, and that has nothing to do with her teeth, or muscles, or claws, with her patient

watching or wonderful leaping, or anything that she is or can do in her natural state. If you were only to see the fierce wild cat of the woods in her own home, if you would watch her in her daily business, and if some one were to say to you, 'Now, you must find a friend for



THE WILD CAT.

that animal, with whom she will be more familiar, and whom she will love better than any of her own species;' where would you think of looking for that friend?"

"Not old Martha, I am sure," said Bessie, laughing.

"Poor, old, timid Martha, that would have been dreadfully frightened if she saw a rat run across her door?"

"But tell us something about the wild cats of the woods, mamma," said Harry. "Are they the same kind as our pussy?"

"They are her forefathers, dear; and, of course, those which run wild in the woods and mountains now, are her near relations. Yes, I will tell you, and then you will see what a contrast there is between these animals in their two opposite states. The wild cat is absolutely the fiercest creature now living in Britain. Unless very hungry indeed, it will not touch any food that has not been killed by itself; and it will attack not only small creatures like mice and birds, but hares, kids, and lambs. It is very destructive to the poultry in farm-yards, more so than even the fox. And as all its faculties are quickened by habit, so its body is larger and its muscles stronger than those of our house-cat. It sits constantly in the trees sleeping all day, and destroying and feeding by night; its colour being a pale gray, striped down the back and across the sides with black, like a little tiger. Indeed, it has been called the British tiger. So that, lying motionless among the branches, curled up in the forked places, or stealing along without making so much noise as even a gentle wind does among the leaves, it must be very difficult for any animal to escape from it that it is strong enough to attack. Now, what kind of

brute spirit do you find in this creature, Bessie? Is there much gentleness or kindness in it?"

Bessie thought for a little, and then said: "No, mamma, not a spark, only I daresay it has some for its young."

"Yes, there you are right. Its care and tenderness for its young are remarkable even among wild animals, in all of whom God has made this a very strong instinct."

"I wonder if it lasts long, though, mamma?" said Bessie. "I shouldn't like you to give up caring for me so soon as that other pussy we once had gave up caring for her kitten. Do you remember, mamma, how fond she was of it? And when it grew biggish, you said we must give it away. How sorry we were to part the mother from her nursling! But then, you know, in a very few days we carried big pussy in a basket to see it, and with a dreadful deal of trouble, too, for she was always fighting to get out, and was like to tear me in pieces. Then after we had got to the place, instead of being glad to see each other, they both of them set up their backs, and fought and snarled like strangers. That wasn't *true* love, mamma, that forgot so soon?"

"Quite true, my dear, for the time it lasted," said her mother. "You must never forget that animals get their natures in every part from God, and always for a special purpose. When that is served, the instinct

ceases. Now, when the young ones can provide for themselves, there is no longer *use* for a mother's affection; and the very nurslings for whom she would have given her life but a short time before, become no more to her than those of any other. With you it is entirely different. Not only does your *body* require much longer tending than that of any other animal, but your mind and your soul, which can never die, require your mother's care for many long years, and she even needs God's help before she can take care of them aright. I think there is no fear lest my love for you should cease till the latest day of my life; because I love you with mind, and heart, and soul, while a mere animal loves only for a time with its instinct. So you see that pussy, in all her relations with her own kind, has just the brute spirit, and nothing more. Now, I want you both to tell me what kind of nature and character she has as our little companion. Is she like the little fierce tiger, that flies furiously, with teeth and claws, on every living thing that approaches her?"

"Oh no, mamma," said both the children, "*quite* different. She is so gentle, a baby may play with her; and she loves so to be patted and caressed! How she does purr and rub herself when we scratch her ear and stroke her!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Myrtle; "and how all her instincts, if not altered, are quite subdued. If there are no birds

or mice in her way, she does not at all mind them, but is quite contented with a little milk in a saucer, or the smallest bit of useless meat. It would be quite possible to imagine a cat to live and die without having killed any living thing. It is as the companion of man that she is gifted, as it were, with something of human dispositions. Let us try how many qualities she has which you would like to find in the little boys and girls you play with."

"We have already found one," said Bessie, "and that is gentleness. I like a gentle play-fellow."

"And love," said Harry; "pussy loves us."

"I think *love* is too strong a word, Harry," said Mrs. Myrtle; "pussy's feelings are of a very quiet order."

"Friendship, then," suggested Bessie.

"I object to friendship too," said Mrs. Myrtle. "You may have observed that I always call her the *companion*, and not the friend of man. I keep that name for another animal, who shows its friendship by more positive acts. I think, however, we are quite safe with the word *attachment*. I am *sure* that pussy feels attachment, because she shows a preference for some members of a family over others; and the memory she has *not* for her own young ones when they leave her, she *has* for those with whom she formerly lived. You recollect the pretty tortoise-shell cat that used to live out on the grounds, and that grew to skin and bone till you had

pity upon her, and took her out milk and other food now and then?"

"Oh yes, pretty Mrs. Peasblossom, as we called her," cried the children.

"Well," continued Mrs. Myrtle, "we never found out her history, until it so happened that a girl, living not far from here, was taken into the house to sew, and sat at her work in one of the back-rooms which looks out on the garden. Who should come and sit every day on the window-sill but pretty Mrs. Peasblossom; and when the window was opened, in she came, rubbing herself against the girl, and purring, with every sign of recognizing an old acquaintance. And such was the case. The girl told me that she, with her family, had lived in a house exactly opposite to us a twelvemonth before, and that when they removed puss refused to go with them, but kept about her old haunts; and when she felt herself ill at ease with the strangers who came to reside in the house afterwards, she took up her abode in our grounds, which are close by."

"If she liked the girl so much, why did she not go with her?"

"Because her attachment to *places* is stronger than her attachment to persons," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "and this makes her both constant and contented. Home is her chief joy. In this respect she is quite a model for housekeepers. To be sure, she likes to make herself as

comfortable as possible, always finding out the warmest and cosiest place to lie in; but that is very pleasant, for the very look of such comfort and complete repose puts a feeling of rest and contentment into the mind of the person who looks at it. It seems to say, 'Be happy and contented in your home as I am, and try to give others the feeling of repose which you see may be communicated in some degree by the very spectacle of it.' I daresay, however, that housekeepers who are disposed to be indolent do not need this lesson so much as others who worry and fret continually, and will let nobody near them have any rest or quiet. Now," continued Mrs. Myrtle, "don't you think we have managed to give pussy a very good character? Temperance, gentleness, attachment, such constancy that she never has any desire to change her place, and absolute contentment. Cleanliness, too, we may add as another very important qualification. All cats are remarkably cleanly, and like to keep their coats in the best order. Don't you think we may advertise for a situation for her as housekeeper, or companion to a lady, whenever we please?"

"Ah, but mamma!" said the children, "you can't put in *honesty*. The lady that comes to inquire will certainly ask if she is honest; what will you say?"

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Myrtle, pretending a look of confusion; "you have certainly found out a flaw. I fear we couldn't warrant her against stealing the cream."

"And our pussy steals cheese-cakes, and cheese, and biscuits; and oh, mamma, when the game came to be put down for the third course, when there was company, it would be found that she had eaten it all up!" and they laughed heartily at such an idea.

"Well, then, in order not to be dishonest ourselves," said mamma, "we must limit the advertisement to 'companion to a lady,' and the lady must keep her own keys. In this capacity she is perfect. Even her structure and the habits of her other nature are in her favour. Her cushioned feet can walk in a sick-chamber more softly than a sick-nurse whose shoes are lined with list. The very seeming cruelty with which she toys with a mouse or bird is changed into playfulness; which, amusing itself with patting and catching a ball, or running round after her own tail, will bring a smile on the lips of sickness and care, and are the very delight of infancy. Even her destructiveness, you know, is invaluable to us, because without it we should soon be as ill off as the king and queen in the story of Whittington and his Cat, who could get no supper for the numerous hordes of mice that pounced upon it."

"Ah, puss!" said Bessie, kneeling down and putting her arms round pussy, "I begin to love you again. You have more good qualities than I thought, and even your other nature, that I dislike, was given you that you might provide for your own self. You wouldn't like to

go back to the woods and be a savage again. Would you, pussy?"

"Is it quite certain," asked Arthur, the older brother, who had been all this time lying on a couch reading, and listening at intervals to the conversation when it interested him—"is it quite certain that our domestic cat is descended from the wild one? Is it not alleged by some naturalists to have had an Eastern origin, and to be sprung from the cat of Angora?"

"That has been said," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "but the truth probably is, that the wild cat was first domesticated in the East. There is an Egyptian painting in the British Museum which represents one of the species which has a black stripe on its heel (*Felis Caligata*). And it is well known that the Egyptians held the cat sacred. But there are many strong evidences that the wild and tame cat are of the same identical race; while it is quite contrary to the usual doings of creative wisdom to make two progenitors of creatures so nearly allied to each other. It rather endows a single pair with many powers and attributes which are latent in them, but are to be developed in their descendants into numerous varieties, according to the circumstances in which they are placed."

"Is the wild cat an ancient family in creation?" inquired Arthur further.

"Not old in the geological history of the world,"

answered his mother, "but older than man. It was found in the celebrated cave of Kirkdale, in Yorkshire along with extinct species of hyænas, bears, and oxen, which have never been found associated with any remains of man or his works."

"I have often heard you and papa talk of that cave," said Arthur. "I should like to know more distinctly what it was."

"It seemed," said Mrs. Myrtle, "to have been a hyæna's cave for, perhaps, as long as two hundred years. It contained bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, of the tiger and bear, and many other animals, all of which were gnawed; and even the hyænas themselves appeared to have been eaten, and their bones gnawed by successive generations of their savage kindred as soon as they died. The cave itself existed before the boulder-clay, for it was quite filled in with it, and was accidentally discovered by some workmen who were sinking a shaft for lime. Such an accumulation of bones would, you know, form phosphate of lime in abundance. You already know the boulder-clay to have been formed by great masses of ice passing over our island, which ground down the surface-rocks underneath into a clay-dust of different colours according to the rocks thus acted upon; and you know, likewise, that in it are contained *boulders*, or great stones, which got wedged into the ice in its passage, and were deposited here and there. Just before the time of

the boulder-clay there were great forests of trees, such as we are familiar with, yet none but wild animals roamed among them. Probably, at that time, no human foot had ever trod the world's virgin soil. Yet, if we can imagine some spiritual being lingering there for a time, and wondering what was to be the future destiny of our planet—if this were all, or if something better were to come—suppose he had discovered somehow the latent characteristics of the little animal we have been talking about, what would that discovery have amounted to?"

"I think it would have been a prophecy of the human race," replied Arthur, after a pause.

"Yes," said his mother; "and that, too, with all its ways and all its wants,—from the existence of comfortable homes like this, and nurseries with playful, prattling children, to the lonely fireside of solitary woman. And remember that the prophecy *did exist* in the dormant capacities of that animal as truly as if an angel had found it written in a scroll. Now, if there was a prophecy, where was the *Prophet?*"

"The *Creator himself*," said Arthur, gravely. "The Being who gave it these latent capacities could alone know what use was to be made of them."

"But was the existence of man *necessarily involved* in the existence of the cat?" asked Mrs. Myrtle. "In other words, had the cat anything to do with producing the man?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Arthur, "how can you ask such a question?"

"Well, then," said his mother, "where did the connection between the two subsist?"

"Nowhere, mamma, but in the mind of Him who contrived and planned and *intended* it."

"Then," said his mother, "He cannot be a mere blind power, working we know not how, but an intelligent, self-conscious, *personal Being*, in whose mind all nature and its arrangements find a centre and a will, which is to them as a primary moving force."

"I think I see what you mean, mamma," replied Arthur. "If all nature were a series of causes and effects, we could imagine it to go on of itself; but if there are arrangements without any connection but that of forethought, especially when one arrangement does not come into being until millions of ages after the other, there must then be an eternal *thought* and an eternal *will*."

"Precisely," said his mother; "when you come to know the theories of modern days, which I am not going to enter upon just now, you will know why I thus reason with you. In the meantime, is it not a solemn thought, dear Arthur, that not all the depths of an eternity, past or future, are able to hide us from God? 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?' 'Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my

members were written, when as yet there was none of them.' We cannot turn over a single page of the book of nature any more than of the book of revelation, *if we learn to see right*, without exclaiming, as the inspired Psalmist did, 'How great, how precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!'"

CHAPTER III.

THE LION A GIANT CAT.

"NOW, mamma," said Harry, at the next lesson, "shan't we have the great roaring lion this time?"

"Very well, darling, you shall," said his mamma; "but do you know that your great roaring lion is nothing more than a giant cat?"

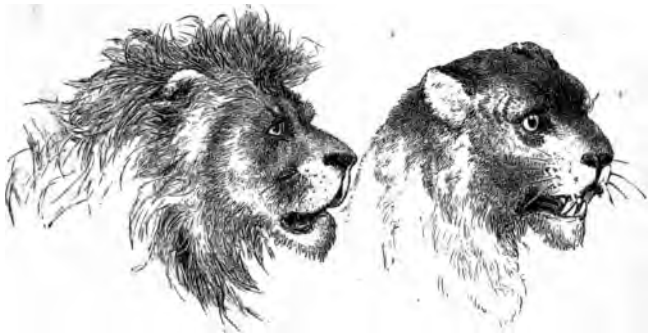
The children uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, it is quite true," continued Mrs. Myrtle. "Its teeth, its paws, its eyes, ears, stomach and all, are made quite like those of the cat, and it makes the same use of them; that is, it watches for its prey in the same still, patient manner, and then seizes it with an immense bound. Now, you must try and remember that all animals of the cat kind are said to belong to the *feline race.*"

The children repeated this word over several times.

"Then," said Harry, "I suppose that the lions are the giants, and the real pussies are the dwarfs, among the cats; but the lions *look* very different in the pictures.

They have got great faces, large heavy heads, shaggy manes, and long tails, with a tuft at the end."



LION. LIONESS.

"It is true that they *look* different," said Mrs. Myrtle. "The animals they prey upon being large and strong—such as deer, oxen, and buffaloes—they are more suited to inspire terror than if they were in appearance merely great cats over again, ten or twelve feet long. Besides, God delights in making things different, and yet the same."

"*Different,* and yet *the same!*" repeated the children; "how can that be?"

"You must think for a little while, both of you," said Mrs. Myrtle, "and then tell me whether you have found out *how that can be.*"

"Well," she continued, after a pause, "have you made it out?"

"The same," cried Harry, eagerly, "if his skin were off! God has given the lion a different skin, and painted it differently."

"So far correct," said Mrs. Myrtle. "Bessie, what do you say?"

"The same," said Bessie, "in the chief things, such as his paws and teeth, and different in little things that are of no consequence. The china cups that we use every day, and the ones we use for company, are for the same use, and so they are made the same, and yet not *quite* the same. The company ones are much finer and more prettily shaped, and a *great deal* more prettily painted."

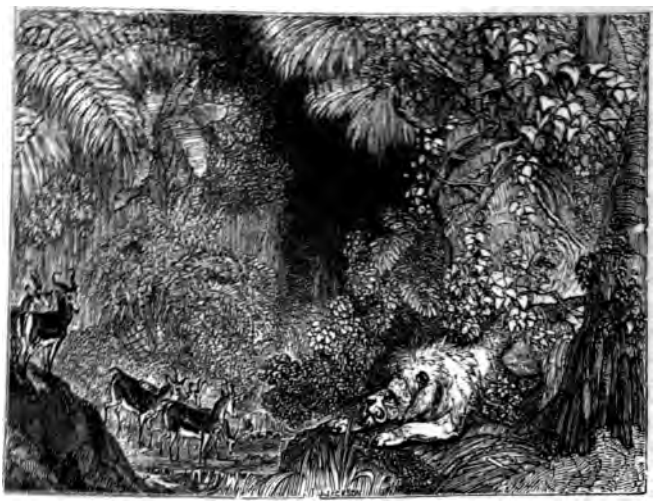
"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Myrtle; "only we cannot say of the smallest change that God makes *that it is of no consequence.* When man makes changes in things like cups, he does so *only* to please his fancy; but when God makes a change, be it ever so small, it not only pleases the fancy, but makes the animal or thing more surely and beautifully fit its own place in creation. Look at the lion's *painting*, for instance, and you will see that it is of much more consequence to him than the colour of a tea-cup or a gown is to us. Although he likes to live and make his bed in the midst of thick bushes and tall underwood, yet, when he is hungry, he roams out over the wide sandy plains, where large herds of wild asses, called quaggas, and antelopes, go trooping

along. Now, these creatures are extremely swift—they go much faster than the lion, who hardly ever runs at all. They scent him at a distance, and, feeling the utmost terror, they scour away over the desert like the wind; so that if it were not that God had painted the lion of a tawny colour—that is, a reddish or yellowish brown, exactly like the sand over which he walks and where he couches—he could in some places hardly manage to get a morsel of food at all."

"But if they *scent* him, mamma," said Harry, "how is it that they don't run out of his way, when they can run so fast and he doesn't?"

"So they often do, and so they would always, but for the extreme terror which they feel, and which scatters them about in confusion, and makes them often run *to* him instead of running from him. Remember Bessie's bird, and how pussy 'held it with her glittering eye,' and you will see that extreme terror has a kind of charm in it, which draws or renders powerless quite as much as it gives an impulse to run away. And no wonder the other animals feel in this manner; for in all creation there is not a more terrible object than an angry lion intent on his prey. But oftentimes he will seek the concealment of some luxuriant valley, where a bright stream ripples on its way through overhanging trees, and rich tall grasses, and trailing plants—grasses and plants of a beauty of form and colour never equalled by

the ruder growth of our cold and gloomy clime—and there he will crouch, in patient vigilance, until the deer troop down at noontide to slake their thirst in the refreshing waters. Little do they know how terrible an enemy is watching their every movement! They toss their graceful antlers in the air, and bathe their slender limbs in the runlet, while still the lion waits and watches. But now one of them in his careless free-



LION ON THE WATCH.

dom has advanced within reach of the destroyer's spring. A moment's preparation, and, with a sudden bound and an awful roar, he springs upon his victim, and bears him to the earth, crushed and incapable of motion. The



THE DESTROYER AND THE STORM.

terrified herd dart away among the woody coverts, and leave him to banquet upon his victim. But he loves best, I think, those stormy nights when the thunder rolls along the skies, and the lightning flashes over the far

desert wastes, while at intervals the rain pours down in dreadful torrents. By the light of those vivid flashes may be seen herds of trembling animals huddled together for shelter, while some instinct tells them that there is another enemy abroad more terrible than the storm. The great lion feels no fear. He does not go in herds, but walks alone in dread majesty. Suddenly he lays his mouth close to the ground, and utters a roar that makes the earth tremble, resembling the sound that accompanies an earthquake. The frightened animals know it well. They forsake each other, and seek in all directions to find safety in flight. Then the lion couches, his eye glares, and with one bound, or perhaps with several bounds as rapid as the lightning, he fastens his teeth and claws in some shivering animal, and bears it away."

"Are there many lions roaming about in such nights?" asked the children, looking a little frightened.

"They do not come very close together," replied Mrs. Myrtle, "for one lion will take a great district of country for the support of himself, his wife, and his one or two cubs—he never has more. But these great deserts of Africa, where the lion reigns as king, are so vast that there must be a great many abroad in one night. You can hardly comprehend the immensity of these deserts, but you may look at the map, and you will see how large a part of the continent of Africa they cover. The

lion lives also in Asia, but it is said that he is less strong and courageous there, and of a paler colour."

"Do they ever eat children?" asked Harry.

"Yes; and men too. The Arabs in the north of Africa, and the Hottentots in the south, live in equal fear and dread of the lion. The Arabs, you know, dwell in tents; and when a number of these tents are put up near each other, so as to make a little village, they call it a *douar*. Well, every night a lion will come and attack one of these *douars;* not always the same, but sometimes one and sometimes another. He makes his home in one of the neighbouring mountains, perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. A nice well-kept home it is, under the thickest cover he can find; and there he clears out several pieces of ground for rooms or chambers, and will not allow so much as a stone or a bit of stick to litter the ground. Here he lies snugly all day, and sleeps with his wife and little ones; but as soon as sunset comes, he sallies forth to find food for himself and his family. Thirty or forty miles are only a nice walk for him. Down he marches from his mountain home, sometimes uttering a roar which is heard at an immense distance; and then all the animals begin to fly, generally in the direction of the Arab tents, wanting to find protection from man. That is not wise, however; for the lion, knowing very well where he is likely to find the most plentiful meal, makes directly for one of the tent-

villages. What confusion and terror there is then! All the animals—horses, oxen, camels—come rushing into the tents without ceremony, trampling upon and overturning women and children, while the dogs bark, the women scream, and the men light fires all around, and toss about flaming torches, to try and scare the lion away. He minds them very little. The thunder of his voice drowns all their noise, and he walks straight on to the place where he intends to make his choice, and will there slaughter three or four bulls or oxen at once. Sometimes he will drive one or two home before him all the way to his den, where his cubs are no doubt expecting such welcome visitors. The Arabs very seldom fire on the lion, because they have an idea that it is when made angry that he is most likely to attack men; so they just let themselves be plundered and ruined at his majesty's good pleasure. Some of them have had the whole flocks and herds, in which their wealth consists, carried clear off, till a man who was once accounted rich finds himself a beggar.

"Some very dreadful stories are told about this most terrible of animals, when he is enraged by any attempt to resist him. An Arab once watched for him inside the hedge which enclosed his tent-village, and fired just at the moment when he was bounding across. Although the lion's shoulder was broken by the shot, this did not prevent him from tearing the man to pieces in a single

moment. He then killed all who were in the tent except one woman, who managed to get out with her child in her arms, and who had reached the top of a neighbouring tent in safety, when the lion got hold of her by the leg, just as she was drawing it up, and killed both herself and her child. At the same time the weight of his body broke down the tent below, and not content with what he had already done, such was his rage, that he tore to pieces through the canvas every moving creature that gave sign of life. The person who has told us this story, and who knows the lion better, and has seen him face to face oftener than any other man, is a French soldier, called Jules Gerard, who has been surnamed the lion-killer; for when he was in the north of Africa with the French army, which has conquered a great part of that country, he made it the business of his life to endeavour to free the Arabs from this dreaded night-visitor. Formerly it had been the custom to dig a deep pit by the way-side, cover it with branches and brushwood, and to lie concealed there, in order to get a shot at the lion as he passed; or else his footsteps were tracked to his sleeping-place during the day, and he was surrounded and baited with dogs till he was aroused from his slumbers. This was by far the least dangerous way, because he dislikes exceedingly the glare of sunshine, probably not seeing very clearly in it; and, besides, he feels drowsy after his heavy meal and his long

walk, and wants very much to be let alone to rest himself. Gerard, however, being a very brave man, went out all alone in the moonlight or starlight nights, tracked the lion's footsteps, and waited for him night after night as patiently as the lion himself watches for his prey. Then, when he heard the heavy footstep and the muttering roar which bespoke his enemy at hand, he placed himself directly in his path, let him come as near as twelve or twenty paces, looked steadfastly into his face and into his glaring, fiery eyes, and then, just as he was going to spring, shot him, if possible, directly through the forehead. It needed very great courage for any man to do this; because, if his first and second shot missed the lion's brain or his heart, there would be no time to fire again, and without any doubt his assailant would be torn to pieces. Gerard killed in this manner as many as twenty lions."

"I should like to see the place in the map, mamma," said Harry, "where the French army conquered, and where Gerard killed the lions."

"Here it is, my dear. Now, look down at the southern part of Africa. There live black people called *Hottentots;* and it was once said that the lion preferred the flesh of a Hottentot to that of any living creature. He often watched in the neighbourhood of their *kraals*, which is the name given to *their* villages of little miserable huts, to see if he could carry a man away. The Dutch set-

tlers, who are people that have gone out from Holland to live there, say that the lion has now become afraid in some measure of the sound of fire-arms. I suppose it is for this reason that some books of natural history, lately published, have gone so far as to call him a coward, and to say that he is not worthy any longer to be considered the king of the beasts. I am glad that Gerard has quite cleared his character from this charge, for in the lion he always met a courageous and noble enemy; and I am glad, partly because, as you know, he supports the royal arms of England."

"That's the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown. Isn't it?" said Harry.

"Yes; and there is a lion blazoned on the royal shield of Scotland likewise. He has been adopted by both countries as the emblem of courage and generosity. So I must now tell you some stories to show that, terrible as we have found him to be, and savage in his anger, he is not always cruel, but, on the contrary, is often patient, forbearing, and generous."

"Do tell us a story, mamma," said Harry. "I like the stories."

"And I," said Bessie, "like to hear the good parts in an animal's character."

"Very well," said mamma, "I hope to please both of you. Dr. Burchell, who lived in South Africa, tells us that one bright day he was travelling with a caravan



DR. BURCHELL'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE LION.

along the side of a river, whose banks were covered with tall mat-rushes, when his dogs began barking furiously at some concealed object, and soon a lioness and an

enormous black-maned lion came into view. The lioness bounded away under cover of the rushes, but the lion came forward and stood still, gazing quite steadily, as if to say, 'who are you that have dared to intrude on my privacy and disturb my royal slumbers?' He was but a very few paces distant; many of the party were unarmed, and you may be sure did not feel very easy under the lion's gaze; but those who had guns put their fingers on the triggers, that they might be ready to shoot; and Dr. Burchell himself, who was standing on foot, having given his horse to some one in charge, held his pistols in the same manner. The brave dogs rushed in between the men and the lion, still barking, but he took no notice of them, until two who had ventured too far came close to his feet, when he slightly moved his paw, and in an instant these two were still in death. That terrible paw can break a horse's back with one stroke; and when he killed those dogs without turning his head, or even looking at them, Dr. Burchell could scarcely perceive how it was done. The men fired. A ball entered the lion's side, and the blood began to flow, but still he remained fixedly looking. They now expected each moment that he would spring, but instead of doing this, he walked calmly away. In this instance do you think he was either cruel or a coward?"

"No, indeed," said the children; "he might have done so much more harm. He might have killed *all*

the dogs with those paws, and some of the men, and he did not even revenge himself. He must have looked very calm and noble."

"I *hate* the people, mamma, who call him a coward," said Harry.

"That is going much too far, my love," said his mamma, smiling. "That is like some other people who go from one extreme to the other. Formerly very absurd stories were told about the lion, such as that he would not touch a sleeping person, nor a beautiful young lady. It was forgotten that he was just a *great cat*, and would eat in his own way when he was hungry. Yet there are such true instances given of his subduing his appetites by his higher and better nature, that I cannot doubt of some of the old stories being true, especially that pretty one of Androcles and the Lion."

"Oh, pray tell me that one, mamma!" said Harry; "I've never heard it."

"It is time to go for the present my dear," said his mamma; "the dinner-bell begins to ring, but Bessie shall read it to you before to-morrow; and Marjory too shall read you the beautiful story of Gerard—our Frenchman, you know—and his Hubert. You will then see that a lion may be *loved* as well as feared; and you will find, without any possibility of mistake, with what emotions of strong affection, of grief, joy, gratitude, generosity, his noble heart may be agitated."

CHAPTER IV.

LION STORIES.

"WELL, I suppose you have heard the stories, children," said their mamma next day; "which do you like best?"

"I like Androcles," replied Harry, quickly; "it is so nice to hear about the slave running away, and the cave, and the soldiers, and then all the Roman people sitting round to see the fight. How grand it would be!"

"And I like Hubert best," said Bessie; "because he could love so truly, and died of grief—darling Hubert!"

"You are a true little woman, I see, Bessie," said her mamma; "and I too shall esteem all lions in future more highly for the sake of Hubert."

"I hope you are going to tell us more stories to-day, mamma," said Harry.

"I shall tell you to-day a few anecdotes to show that the lion often feels a friendship for other animals as well as men, and denies his appetite in order to protect them. Not so long ago but that people now living may remember

it, there was an old lion in the Tower of London, who spared a spaniel that had been thrown to him for a meal, and who lived with it for many years in friendship and happiness. There is a story told of another lion, to whom it seemed absolutely necessary to have a dog for a companion. He spared two in succession which were thrown in to him, and cherished them with the greatest affection; but the air of the den being very close, and not agreeing with the poor little animals, they died one after another."

"Indeed, no wonder," said Bessie. "I remember that the place where the lions and tigers are, in the Zoological Gardens, was very disagreeable."

"You remember very well," said her mamma, "for you have not been there for three years. Do you recollect, too, a remark of little Harry's, who was then just two, and who was carried in his nurse's arms—'Come away,' he said, 'pussy smell nasty.'"

"That was very funny, mamma," said Bessie. "How had he found out that they were really pussies? But why can't they be kept cleaner? and they are so clean naturally of themselves."

"True," said her mamma; "but it is not easy to give them so large a supply of fresh air and fresh water as they would need. Besides, from the nature of the food they eat, their breaths are strong and fetid."

"But what became of the lion?" said Harry. "Did he die?"

"No," replied his mamma; "but he pined away, and was very near it, until a third dog had to be put in beside him, and then he became cheerful and happy again. An old traveller speaks of having seen a dog which was living in a den with *several* lions, which had all agreed to spare him, and make a pet of him, which is more wonderful still. There were once two lions in the very menagerie you are going to see—that is, Wombwell's—which were quite celebrated in their day. One was called Nero, and the other Wallace. Nero was so very gentle that he allowed strangers to go freely into his den, and nothing would put him out of temper. Even when he was at one time very cruelly and improperly set to fight with dogs at Warwick, he could not be made to understand that they were not playing with him, and bore all their snarling and biting, and attempts at worrying, with the greatest patience. The other one, Wallace, was, however, much fiercer—for you know there must be differences of temper among animals of the same species as among men; so Wallace, as his great namesake would have done, soon made an end of all his assailants. I think I must have done now with these stories about the lion; but from them, as well as many others, we may conclude that he is capable not only of friendship, but of *magnanimity*."

"What is *magnanimity?*" asked the children.

"It is," replied the mother, "the greatness of mind

which refuses to notice small insults or injuries; and the greater the *power*, the more striking must be the forbearance. Here is an animal, for example, more completely armed and fitted for carnage than any other we know of in creation. He is, indeed, provided with the most formidable weapons. His tongue, as is the case with other feline animals, is furnished with a set of reversed prickles, something like a cat's claws in shape, and so large and so strong that they are capable of lacerating the skin—that is, of tearing it and making it bleed—if he does but lick it. His teeth are of such great strength that he breaks the bones of his prey as easily as I might break the bones of a chicken, and he often swallows them together with the flesh. A single stroke of his paw is sufficient, it is said, to break the back of a horse; and each paw has a sort of soft cushion or elastic pad placed under each toe, which enables him to tread so gently that his approach will not be heard by the most watchful ear. Then, too, think of his claws! Their strength is prodigious, and they are curved like an eagle's bill, so that, when once they have seized upon a victim, their hold is not to be shaken off. The



LION'S TONGUE.



LION'S PAW.

muscles which raise his jaw are of enormous size; and his entire frame is admirably adapted to blend both strength and agility. He will carry off an antelope or a buffalo as easily as pussy carries off a rat; while he will spring with a tremendous bound, which hardly a deer or a goat will surpass for swiftness. His appetite, when made furious by hunger, must be more terrible than we have any power to conceive of; and his cunning and watchfulness as a *cat* make him all the more perfect as a savage warrior. Yet all this tremendous machinery he can forbear to make use of even when worried and insulted, and all these terrible instincts he can keep down through a sudden impulse of generosity or friendship. So I would still have the lion to be the emblem of our country; and I love, too—although there is no need for *believing* a fable—the beautiful old poetry which makes him the guardian and protector of helpless innocence and beauty."



LION'S CLAW.

"I should like *very* much to hear about that. Could you not tell it to us, mamma?" said Bessie.

"If you would like it so *very* much, I shall try whether I cannot give you some idea of it," replied her mamma. "If you live to be as old as Marjory, you shall each of you read it for yourselves. There is a very long poem, called 'The Faery Queen,' which was written

by Edmund Spenser about three hundred years ago. It is all a kind of fable or allegory together ; but the prettiest piece in it is, as I think, that about the Lady Una and the Lion. *She* was the loveliest and sweetest lady that ever walked abroad in this world ; and no wonder, for she was heavenly truth and beauty all in one. Her parents—who were, of course, no less than a king and queen—were made war against by a terrible dragon, who put them both into a strong and dismal prison, and kept guard over them himself. Now, it was to find a true and courageous knight, who would kill the dragon and set her dear parents free, that Lady Una set forth on her pilgrimage throughout the world. When she came, in the course of her travels, to the court of England, she met there the brave St. George, who gladly offered himself to be her knight, and to accompany her to do her behest. For a while they travelled on most happily together ; and that was a beautiful sight, for it was true courage and valour, led by gentle innocence and guileless truth, and giving protection while it received guidance. But this was a state of things which has never yet lasted very long in this world. They had performed but a small part of their journey when they met with a false magician, who by his arts separated the knight from the lady, and gave him another lady to accompany him who looked as beautiful, but who was in reality all falsehood and

deception. Then the Lady Una was left quite alone; yet she wandered on in her sad and gentle loveliness, determined never to stop searching till she had found her own beloved knight again, and persuaded him to go with her. One day, when she was very tired and very mournful from her want of success, she alighted from her ass (for she rode on the back of a milk-white ass)—"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the children; "why, wasn't it a pony? A pony would have been much better."

"So it would, my dears; but I suppose the ass was meant to show the slow progress that heavenly truth makes in the world, and how dull people are in receiving it. Yet, for all that, a milk-white ass would, I daresay, be a very pretty steed for such a lady. But, as I was saying, she lighted off the back of her 'unhasty beast,' and went to lay herself down under the shade of some thick trees which would screen her from the noon-tide heat, while she relieved her heart by weeping and lamenting for a while. So there she lay sorrowing, yet all the time

> 'Her angel's face,
> Making a sunshine in a shady place;'

when out there bounded from the wood a ravenous lion, eager to make her his prey. In a moment, as soon as he beheld her beauty, his rage was tamed.

'With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood,
Instead theroof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lily hands with fawning tongue.'"

"That couldn't possibly be true, mamma," said Bessie.

"Could it not? Why so?" said her mamma, smiling.

"Oh, because, with his rough tongue, made for scraping flesh off bones, he would lick her lily hands all away."

"I used to think so myself, Bessie," replied her mamma. "Yet do you not remember that Gerard says his Hubert licked his hands? But that, I must just say, I don't understand. To go on with the story, however:—When the lady got up again on her steed to pursue her journey, the lion did not leave her side, but made use of his natural strength and fierceness only to protect her. When she slept he kept watch and ward, and when she waked 'he waited diligent, and from her fair eyes took commandment.' All his fury was reserved for the base and wicked, and one foul thief he tore to pieces."

"I hope," said the children, "he never left her. I hope he guarded her until she found her own true knight again."

"Alas, no!" replied their mother. "She was met by a fierce heathen knight, who killed her champion and carried her away."



LADY UNA AND THE LION.

"And did she *never* find her knight, mamma?" said the children. "What was the end of the story?"

"She did find her knight, and got him delivered from

a dreadful dungeon, where he was cast by the arts of the false lady who had taken her place, whose falsehood was then fully discovered; but the story poem can scarcely be said to have an end, because the last part of it was lost in being sent across from Ireland to England. This pretty bit about the lion shows us that, where manhood fails, God can make the most dreaded elements of nature the ministers of his will. He can make use of even savage beasts to protect the cause of truth and righteousness."

"Mamma," said Bessie, in a grave manner, "did not God *really* make use of lions to protect the cause of truth and righteousness when Daniel was thrown into the lion's den?"

"He did, my love," replied her mother; "that is well thought of. And very possibly he did so, by bringing into action that power of checking its own appetite through the impulse of a sudden and generous friendship which the lion possesses."

"Mamma," said Harry, in a low voice, as if he were afraid of saying something not quite right, "isn't the lion rather too good to be the devil? It says that Satan is a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour."

"Satan may take many forms and characters, Harry, just according to what he wishes to do at the time. What was he when he tempted Eve?"

"A serpent," said Harry.

"And why not a roaring lion, then?"

"Oh, because she would have been too much frightened. She would have run away, and he wanted her to stay and talk to him, and look at the fruit."

"Then, darling, you see he is a serpent, or he comes *like* a serpent, when he wishes to please and deceive, and then he glides smoothly, and speaks softly with a silver tongue; while often he is hidden among pretty green leaves and beautiful fruit and flowers. This is when he wants to *persuade* us to do evil. When, then, do you think he will look like a roaring lion?"

"I suppose it must be when he wants to *frighten* us to do evil," said Harry.

"I have told you some stories," continued his mamma, "of times when the lion *did* spare his victim. But do you think he is always disposed to do so? Would you like very much to come across his path just when he has gone out on purpose to seek his prey?"

"Oh no, indeed! I daresay it would be a million of chances to one that he would eat me rather than spare me."

"Yet, if it were a mere brute lion, there might be one small chance against a million that he would spare; but when the Evil One comes abroad like a roaring lion, there remains not even that one. He never spared his prey, and he never will. Not one kindly feeling has

ever touched his heart; and when he comes abroad in the storm, when persecution rages for the sake of truth, when the world is turned into a desert for God's children, and his providence seems dark like the black heavens, and the angry threatenings of kings and rulers are heard like thunder, and the keen sharp sword of power pierces like lightning, is it not terrible to think that there is an evil being abroad armed at all points for destruction like the lion, with the same terrible appetite for his prey; only, instead of being guided by brute instinct, he has a mind greater in knowledge and cunning than all the men that ever lived in this world put together."

"Indeed, mamma," said Bessie, "I should be afraid of running *to* him through fear, like the poor animals, instead of running away from him."

"So you might, dear," said Mrs. Myrtle, "if you were not well acquainted beforehand with the place of safety which God has provided, and if you had not gone there so often that you could make no mistake in the way."

"What place is that?" asked little Harry, looking up into her face.

"God's own arms of everlasting love, my child; and if you cried to the Saviour, he would himself take you by the hand and lead you there. Keep firm hold of him, and he will guide you through storm and darkness to that place of refuge where neither the wickedness of men nor all the powers of evil can ever touch you."



CHAPTER V.

ALL ABOUT TIGERS AND LEOPARDS.

"WE shall now proceed to the tiger and leopard," said Mrs. Myrtle, at the lesson of the following day. "They are by far the most beautiful of all *the cats;* indeed, for the beauty of their *painting*, as Harry would say, and the ease and grace of their movements, there are no quadrupeds to equal them. But, at the same time, among all the quadrupeds they seem to love blood the best *for its own sake*, showing that goodness and beauty are very far from going always together. The tiger's skin is yellow, with black stripes down the sides, and black rings round its legs. The leopard's is a fine yellow fawn, becoming white below, and instead of stripes, it is covered with clusters of black spots. Which should you think the prettiest?"

Bessie said she should like the leopard's skin best, but Harry preferred the tiger, and asked if it were as big as the lion.

"A royal tiger is sometimes as large as a lion,"

answered his mamma, "but it is not generally so. The tiger is commonly about three feet high and six long; that is as tall as you, Harry, and as long as papa is tall."

"Yes, yes, I know," cried Harry; "my height is marked on the door, and, besides, I know quite well the length of a foot on the foot-rule."

"Well, then," continued his mamma, "a large lion will often measure *twelve* feet; that is twice the length of papa if he were lying on the floor. But though the tiger is seldom so large as the lion, he is more dangerous, because he is much more active; for you may remember that the lion is lazy and sleepy, and unwilling to be disturbed, unless when he is hungry. The leopard is the most active of all; his movements are as quick as those of a squirrel; and when you visit the menagerie, you will see that he scarcely ever rests, but walks backwards and forwards so quickly, and so angrily, that the eye can scarcely follow his movements."

"I shouldn't like," remarked Harry, "to be thrown into the leopard's den when he was hungry; *he* wouldn't spare me!"

"No, I fear you would have no chance with him," said his mamma, smiling; "and yet writers about natural history don't seem to have made up their minds as to the respective characters of the lion and tiger. At first they extolled the lion as being all nobleness and generosity, and set down the tiger as thoroughly blood-thirsty

and cruel. Now they have changed their minds, and want to make it out that there is no difference between the two. Yet there surely is a difference. The appetite for carnage is often controlled, as we have seen in the lion, by his aptitude for friendship, and his other noble feelings; while, though the tiger is not quite incapable of attachment, it is the better feeling in him that is apt to give way to his instinct for blood. So, as in the case of Hubert, the lion may be often thoroughly relied upon —the tiger never. They are indeed capable of being tamed, or appearing to be tamed, like domestic cats, when taken as little cubs. And the fakirs of India, a set of dirty heathen priests, who are in the habit of going about begging, often lead about with them tame tigers and leopards; but they are dangerous pets. I remember hearing a story of a gentleman who reared a tame tiger in India, and who by doing so nearly lost his life. He was sitting one evening outside his bungalow reading, with his pet couched down beside him. One hand hung by his side, while the other held his book. Being closely engaged with his studies, he scarcely observed that the animal had begun to lick his disengaged hand, until he heard a low growl, and looking down, he saw the hand covered with blood. Instantly he knew that the fatal instinct had awoke, and not having any weapon, he felt himself in a very dangerous predicament. If he withdrew his hand, *his pet* would

that moment spring. Most providentially he observed his servant at a little distance, and calling to him, he told him to go into the house, fetch a loaded gun, and



A NARROW ESCAPE.

shoot the tiger dead on the spot. He then sat quite still, allowing it to growl, and lick his blood at its pleasure; but you may feel sure the moments seemed

very long. At length the servant made his appearance, approached very stealthily, so as not to disturb the animal, took a steady aim, and shot him through the heart."

"I would not have such a pet for all the world," said Harry; "I wonder anybody would. I'd much rather, if I were a man, hunt those wretches which would love their master's blood more than their master himself, and kill every one of them. Tell us how they hunt them, mamma. Was there ever a Gerard for the tigers?"

"Brave men are rare," said his mamma, "who will meet savage animals face to face, and help to clear the world of them single-handed. I have only heard of one who thus confronted the tiger, and he was a German, called Paul de Kock. But the general way is to go out and hunt with elephants—not with horses, take notice, for it is very strange that though the horse can be made to face a lion, he will scarcely ever face a tiger; but the elephant, on the contrary, stands steadily, while his rider takes aim just before the tiger makes his spring. The Hindus seldom hunt, or even fire on the tiger, but let him prowl about their houses and carry away their cattle and children, and even grown people, just as the Arabs do with the lion; but wherever Europeans go, they help to clear the country. At one time the East India Company—"

"Was that a grand dinner company?" interrupted Harry. Bessie laughed.

"What do you laugh at, Bessie?" said her mother. "Can *you* tell Harry what the East India Company was?"

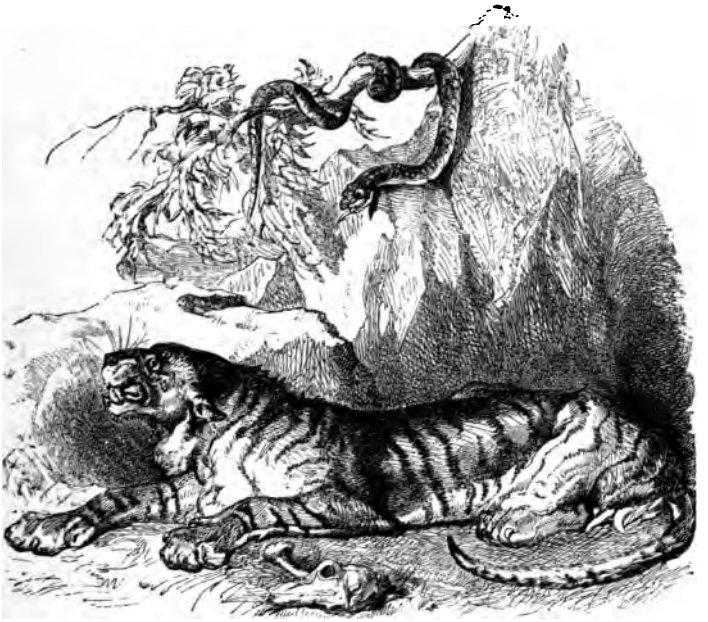
"No, mamma," said Bessie, "I can't; but I am sure it wasn't a dinner party."

"It was very natural, however, of Harry to think so," said Mrs. Myrtle; "and some people," she added, smiling, "would say he was not so far wrong. The East India Company *was* a number of rich English merchants, who traded with India when no one else was allowed to do so. They paid an army of soldiers, conquered a great part of the country, and governed what they had conquered. Well, then, at one time the East India Company gave ten rupees (about twenty shillings) for every tiger that was killed."

"That was famous," cried Harry. "I hope they got them all killed."

"Not quite *all*," replied his mamma. "In India there are enormous tracts of waste land called *jungle*, all overgrown with tall thick bushes and reeds, and there chiefly the tiger has his haunts. Now, you know, it cannot be till these are all cleared and cultivated that he can be quite got rid of. The tiger, however, has other enemies than man. While lurking in his lair, waiting for an opportunity to spring on some passing

prey, or perhaps taking his rest after gorging himself with food, he occasionally falls a victim to the deadly fangs of one of the great Indian serpents, which writhes its glittering body along the branch of a neighbouring



THE TIGER AND THE SERPENT.

tree until it hangs suspended over the unconscious animal. Then it darts forth its tongue, and strikes him in the spine, just where the head is joined to the neck, the blow always proving fatal. But such an event as this is not very common ; and the most determined

adversary of this terrible animal is the British hunter, who boldly follows him into the densest recesses of the jungle."

"I daresay, mamma," remarked Bessie, thoughtfully, "that God has made some kinds of beasts for some kinds of places just till man comes."

"Yes," replied her mother; "and the *right sort* of man must come too. It is quite certain that the Creator loves to see every part of the world he has made full of life, and of every possible kind of life. He has certainly made the tiger for the jungle; and I shall give you one proof of it. In examining pussy, I omitted to point out to you one part of her furnishings which, if not absolutely necessary, are a very great convenience to all animals of the cat kind—I mean their *whiskers*. The lion has great whiskers, and the tiger and the panther, with all the other cats; and wherever they are you may take it for granted that the animal is meant to steal softly among branches and thick bushes."

"How so?" asked the children, looking puzzled. "Whiskers can't be *hands*."

"No; but they can answer the purposes of hands better than you suppose. When you go along dark places at night, what do you do?"

"We put up our hands before us, for fear of knocking ourselves."

"And which room of the house do you need to feel

most carefully in, if you were walking through it in the dark?"

"I think it is the drawing-room," said Bessie, "because it is so full of furniture. There isn't a plain high-road in it, but only little footpaths between stools and sofas, and tables and easy-chairs."

"And you feel them all with the points of your fingers, don't you?"

"Yes; or else I should hurt myself or break something."

"But why with your fingers? Why not with some other part of your body?"

"Because," said Bessie, "my fingers can go first; and, besides, they have most feeling."

"Well, then, if you look at a cat you will see that her whiskers go first, and they likewise have the most feeling. There are nerves of feeling at the roots of them, which make her sensible of the very least touch. Then, you see that animals meant to creep through bushy, jungly places are much the better of having something to feel before them that can let them know in a moment whether there is anything which would make too much noise, so as to alarm their prey, when they wish to get their bodies passed through."

"I see, I see," said Bessie; "pussy's whiskers were given her for the wild woods, the lion's for his woody

mountains, and the tiger's for the tangled jungle. But are there no lions in India?"

"Yes, there are," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "and so there are panthers in Africa. But as in Africa the lion attains his greatest perfection, and so it may be called his *kingdom*, while the panther, which is a large leopard, is second to him; so in certain parts of India the tiger attains his greatest size and strength, and these parts may be called *his* kingdom. It is his greater activity, however, which makes him most formidable. He seizes his prey by day as well as by night; so that when an army is marching through these woody tangled places—as in India it often must—it is no uncommon thing for a tiger to spring out with an enormous bound and a frightful roar, seize upon a man, and carry him away back to the jungle. Unlike the lion, he runs so swiftly that the fastest horse cannot overtake him; and he gets away still quicker by making bounds or springs, one after another, by which he clears a vast space of ground in a few moments."

"What a horrible death," cried the children, shuddering, "to be in such a monster's teeth and claws, just as the bird was in pussy's!"

"Let us hope," said her mamma, "that it is not always so bad as it appears; because the first blow that a man gets by being sprung upon from a distance, and by so strong a creature, often stuns and stupefies him

so that he may be despatched without much after-pain. We know that this *may* be the case, by the account of himself given by a European soldier, who was seized in



A PERILOUS POSITION.

the manner I have described from an encampment by the side of a great swampy jungle, which was to be crossed next day by a small army on its way to give

battle to an Indian chief. This man felt nothing, except that he had been knocked down, until a ball from one of his comrades pierced his leg instead of killing the tiger, and by bringing him back to consciousness enabled him to save himself, which he did with the most wonderful presence of mind. He remembered that he had a javelin sticking in his belt behind. By a great exertion he managed to pull it out, and to stab the beast in the shoulder. Instantly the latter bounded aside, and dropped the man, while his eyes flashed with fury; but as quickly he came back and seized him again. This time he took hold of him just above his thigh, where the box was in which powder was kept, which prevented the teeth from going through; and the man, having his arm now freer, stabbed the creature several times till he was dead. The poor fellow then fell on his knees, and thanked God most fervently for his deliverance, and then returned to his companions, who were overjoyed to see him."

"I am glad that the man thanked God," said Bessie.

"Yes," returned her mamma; "the brave European soldier behaved very differently from what a poor Hindu would have done. The Hindu, being accustomed to believe that the souls of men, and his own friends among the number, pass after their death into the bodies of animals, imagines that it must be the soul of a great lord or prince that inhabits the lordly tiger, and so he views that savage beast with a superstitious reverence,

allows him to carry off whatever he pleases, and even if he found himself in his jaws, would pray to him by the kind name of *Uncle* to let him go. Thus it is, you see, that superstition deprives men of their natural courage, and makes them feel on an equality, or rather inferior, to the brutes themselves."

"But don't they ever hunt the tiger at all?" asked Harry.

"I spoke just now," said his mamma, "of the poorer Hindus, who have no elephants to hunt with, and who think my Lord Tiger is best dealt with by letting him alone, or trying to make friends with him by praying and calling him endearing names; but the great chiefs, or rajahs, go out to hunt in great state; and a very grand sight it must be to see them all dressed in gold and jewels, their elephants, perhaps to the number of thirty or forty, caparisoned—that means dressed out and ornamented—as richly as themselves. Those animals have a great square cloth thrown over their backs, embroidered in the most gorgeous manner, and a *howdah* on their backs—that is a kind of seat like the body of a gig, where the English gentleman or the Indian prince sits; and there is a mohout, or driver, besides, to direct the elephant where to go and what to do. When the tiger is seen moving in the jungle, he is fired upon, and very often, if he is wounded, he will slink away as softly as he can under the bushes, and then the hunting-party see



TIGER-HUNTING.

no more of him, and have to go back as they came. Sometimes, however, he will spring out upon the elephant, and fasten his teeth and claws in his neck or shoulder.

Then the real fight comes to be between the elephant and the tiger. The former will try to kneel on his enemy and crush him by the weight of his great legs, which are like large pillars, and with his heavy body; or sometimes he may get a good kick given to him, which will break his ribs, and send him flying away to a distance; but at other times they both roll on the ground together, and that is very dangerous for the people on the elephant's back, and a great deal must depend on the exactness with which the other hunters take aim and fire their pieces.

"The destruction which this animal causes in the districts he frequents is terrible. It is true that he does not attack man so long as other game are plentiful, but when stimulated by hunger, or goaded by passion, he becomes very dangerous. And when once he has tasted human blood, his awe of man entirely disappears. He abandons the jungle, descends into the plains to seek his victims, and even ventures into the white man's bungalow or the peasant's hut. He lurks around the enclosures, ever watchful. I have read of his surprising an English girl and her ayah, or Hindu nurse, while seated on a bank in the immediate neighbourhood of her own home; within sight, indeed, of her father's windows, and it was with the greatest difficulty they escaped from the 'Man-Eater.' But too often escape is impossible; and many a poor Hindu mother mourns for a beloved child—many a widow for her lost husband—carried off

by these ferocious animals. The British Government in India, therefore, offers liberal rewards for their destruction, and partly through man's persevering pursuit of them, partly through the slow but steady advance of civilization, they are yearly decreasing in number, and retiring deeper and yet deeper into the untrodden jungle.



AN EASTERN SCENE.

"I believe that in Central India alone as many as one hundred and eighty-four tigers have been killed by the hunters in about six months.

"But we have had a long gossip about the tyrant of the jungle to-day. Go and hold open the drawing-room door, Master Harry, while we pass into the other room."

CHAPTER VI.

MORE ABOUT THE FELIDÆ.

"ARE all the cats done with now, mamma?" asked Harry next day; "the little ones and the big ones!"

"We have had the principal," replied his mother: "the cat itself, the lion, the tiger, and the leopard. The last is, you know, just a spotted tiger. Indeed, in India it is called the tree-tiger, because it is so nimble and active that it can climb a tree with great ease; so a tree would be no refuge for you if you wanted to get away from it, as it would be from either the lion or the striped tiger. There is a large leopard, called a *panther*, which I think I have mentioned before; it is terrible for its great size and strength: and there is a small beautiful one, with a very long tail, called an *ocelot*. And see, in the picture before you is the *caracal*."

"The caracal, mamma!" said Harry; "I have never before heard its name."

"Perhaps not; but if you lived in Persia, or India,

or Egypt, or even in Turkey or Arabia, you would *certainly* have heard of it, and, I daresay, *seen* it. Has it not a strange head? Look at its eyes; they are very large and bright, and seem to scowl at you with a fierce, forbidding expression. Near each eye it has two



THE CARACAL.

spots of white, one on the inner, the other on the outer side. The edges of the upper lip, the chin, and lower lip are white. So are the insides of the limbs, but the general colour of the body is a pale reddish-brown. The ears, which are long and tapering, are black.

"The caracal leaps upon its victim with a sudden bound, and holds it so tenaciously that its struggles to escape are all in vain. It is said to follow the lion and other beasts of prey, and feed upon what they are too dainty to consume. It hunts in packs like wild dogs,



THE OCELOT.

and is a sullen, ferocious, suspicious, and altogether disagreeable animal.

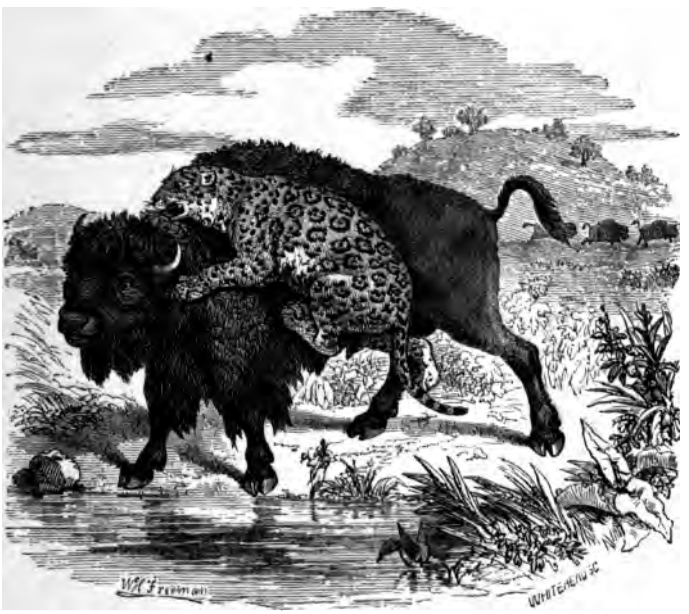
"Another curious and very different-looking cat is called the *lynx*. Once it was thought that its eyes were so very bright and piercing that they could see through anything. That is found not to be the case; but it was so long believed that I daresay very sharp-sighted people

will always continue to be called *lynx-eyed.* You may always know this creature by its funny short tail, and two tufts of black hair on the points of its ears. It is much smaller than the leopard, so, of course, it feeds only on smaller creatures, such as deer, hares, birds, which it runs after to the tops of trees. It lives in colder countries, too, than the giants of the cat race. Its fur is soft and thick, and is sold for a great deal of money, to make boas, muffs, tippets, fur-caps, and so on; and the colder the country in which it lives, the longer and thicker the fur becomes, which makes it of course the more valuable. Now, take the atlas, and point out to me the royal domains—the kingdoms of the lion and the tiger; and I will show you not where the lynx *reigns,* but where he lives."

"The lion is king," said Harry, "of Africa, of all its woody mountains and all its great deserts. Hasn't he the biggest kingdom in the world, mamma?"

"I think he has," replied mamma; "for the royal tiger is chiefly confined to the middle and hotter parts of Asia, just along this line. We may say that he holds his court here, in Bengal, on the north side of the great River Indus, and his kingdom goes along through Siam, Tonquin, and as far as China. He holds the Indian Islands likewise in subjection. Now, the *lynx* lives in the colder parts of Asia, in the thick woods, and passes along, on the left hand, into Europe, and here, on the

right, into America, in the latitude of Canada, where a number of hunters, who trade in furs, shoot seven or eight or nine thousand every year, and sell the skins for a great deal of money.



THE JAGUAR AND THE BUFFALO.

"But as we have gone over to America, I must tell you of the great cat which has its kingdom there, and is the fiercest creature in the whole Western Continent. It is the *jaguar* or *ounce*, and is just another kind of



A JAGUAR FISHING.

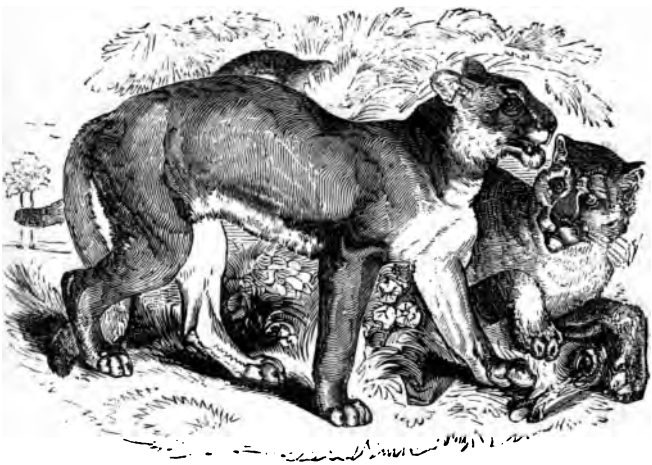
tiger, having black stripes and spots on the upper part of its body. His tail is shorter and his legs thicker than the tiger's, and the use he makes of those strong legs is

to jump suddenly on a horse or buffalo, which he frequently surprises at its watering-place, to put one paw on the back of its neck and the other on its mouth or muzzle, and so, giving the head a sudden jerk backward, he breaks the neck and kills it in a moment. I believe, however, he will not attack a man unless he can find no other prey. It is well; for he is as active as the panther, and can climb trees quite easily. He likes to lie at the foot of a tree, and sharpen his claws by scratching it, as you have seen pussy do on the legs of a chair when lying on the rug. The jaguar lives in the hottest parts of South America, and loves the great woods by the side of large rivers, which he swims across as easily as he can climb a tree, and where he often basks upon the bank, and pleases himself with catching fish, of which he is very fond."

"Then," said Harry, "the hot part of South America is the *kingdom* of the jaguar, is it?"

"We should say it *was* so," replied his mamma; "for the whole of America is fast becoming the kingdom of *Man*, just as this country is where there are now no fierce animals; the jaguars are becoming much fewer, and perhaps will soon pass away. The other great cat of America is the *puma*, and it is more of kin to the lion than to the leopard, because its skin is tawny, or dun coloured, without stripes or spots; but it is much smaller than the lion; it wants his mane, his immense head, and his

kingly presence, and in fact looks much more like a great common cat. He is savage and destructive to such animals as he is strong enough to attack, sitting up on a tree, watching patiently, and then pouncing suddenly down on them, and breaking their necks, something in the manner of the jaguar. He is not very



THE PUMA.

formidable, however, to man, whom he would rather fly from than attack. It has been remarked by travellers that *all* the animals of the New World are much more timid and more ready to fly from the human face than those of the Old World. Why this should be we cannot tell; but even in the Pampas in South America, which are great tracts of grassy meadows, stretching

out for hundreds and hundreds of miles, almost like the sandy deserts of Africa, the wild animals there, who have probably never seen the face of a man before, will scamper off as fast as they can from a solitary rider. This is the more curious, because it has been remarked that in desert islands, like Robinson Crusoe's, the want of acquaintance with man, and the weapons he employs, leads wild birds and wild animals to suspect no danger, and they will consequently let him come close to them without moving. The puma is said to be easily tamed, to purr like a cat, and to show its pleasure in being caressed, and it will play with a ball when confined in a cage like a kitten. I daresay, however, we would all prefer our own pussy to one four feet long and two feet high, even though there were no danger in having the bigger one."

"Do you think you can now reckon all the cats I have told you about, and tell me where they live?"

"The lion, the tiger, the leopard, the great leopard, or panther. The small leopard, or ocelot, lives in Africa, or the hottest parts of Asia. The lynx in the colder parts of Asia, Europe, and America, and the jaguar and puma nowhere but in America."

"Very well," said Mrs. Myrtle; "but the ocelot passes over to America likewise. And do you remember what name is given to the cat race, from their peculiar manner of taking their prey? You

know it was a word I told you to try and keep in mind."

Bessie had forgotten, but Harry at once said, "*feline.*"

"I think I can remember again, mamma," said Bessie, "by a word I had in my lesson yesterday. It was *felon*, and felonious. Has that anything to do with it?"

"You may associate it with that word, if you please," replied her mamma; "for as robbers and housebreakers, who are felons, do approach silently, and then rob, and sometimes kill with violence, so do all the feline race. You must recollect that it is the feline race *alone* which take their prey in this peculiar manner, and have their bodies expressly constructed for that purpose. There are other beasts of prey who take it in other and different ways, and they belong to other races. But *all* the preying animals, whatever kind of prey they live upon, and in whatever manner they take it, form together the order *Carnaria*. I shall not trouble you much just now about classes and orders, families and tribes, because your little heads are like empty rooms, into which I am only beginning to put a little furniture; and you cannot be expected to see likenesses and differences between things that you know nothing about. I may ask you, however, if you know how all these animals bring their young into the world, and how they keep them alive for the first while after they are in it?"

"I suppose it must be like pussy, mamma," said

Bessie; "she had live kittens, and she nursed them with her milk, as Harry's wet-nurse did to him when he was a baby."

"Then all who do so are said to form the class *mammalia*. You can surely recollect that, Bessie, because it is only as much as saying that they are *mammas* to their little ones."

"Then all the creatures in the world are *mammalia*," cried Bessie.

"Not *all*," said Harry; "I'm sure the *birds* don't give milk to their young ones; and besides that, they lay eggs."

"Oh, that's true,—nor the fishes neither," cried Bessie, laughing.

"But the mammalia are a very large class," said their mother; "can you guess who is at the head of it?"

The children considered, but could make no guess.

"Why, it is *man* himself," said their mamma. "You might have known that from what Bessie said of the nurse."

"So indeed we might," said the children; "but we did not think that *man* could be put with the beasts of prey."

"Man's body is as much an animal body as that of any beast of prey. He is *born*, he has to live by eating vegetable or animal food, and he dies just as every other animal does. It is *his soul* which makes the difference.

He alone knows good from evil, and he alone fears God. He goes on learning, and thinking, from the hour of his birth till the day of his death; so it is he only who can judge and form opinions of all animals and things about and around him."

"Just as we have been doing about the cats," remarked Bessie.

"Well, then, let us hear *your* opinion about the cats," said her mamma.

"I think," replied she, "the lion is the most terrible and the noblest; the tiger is the cruellest; and the little pussies are the mildest and the most useful. The pussies were made for man, too."

"They were made to *live with* man; but the others, too, were made for man in a certain sense."

"Mamma," said Bessie, "how *can* that be? I was just thinking, wouldn't it be better if God had made the world quite full of gentle, kind animals like sheep and cows, just to live upon grass and corn?"

"Suppose he had done so, Bessie; you know animals increase very fast. When there came to be twice as many as there were herbs to feed them, what would happen?"

"The half must die," said Bessie, musing.

"And if there were four times as many?"

"Why, then only a quarter could live," said Bessie again.

"And whether would it be the hardest to die of starvation or to die a sudden and violent death?"

"Oh, to die of starvation is terrible!" cried the children; "anything is better than that."

"Then, whether is it better that so many bodies of animals, which *must die* at any rate, should be wasted, or that they should serve to feed other animals of a different nature, who may have as much enjoyment in life as the others had when they were on the earth? But the truth is, that God *has* made the world as full of every different kind of herb-eating animal as it can possibly hold. He has made some for eating grass like the sheep, some for eating grain, and others for living on leaves and branches, as you will hear by-and-by. But if there were no flesh-eating animals, not only would there have been a great empty space in God's family, which might have been filled with creatures all as happy as our pussy there, but the others would starve, and crowd so upon one another as to make each other miserable, and there would scarce have been room enough left for man himself in the world. You said, did you not, Bessie, that you thought God had made some animals for certain places until man came? But I daresay you did not imagine that, while they are occupying those places, not only are they doing their own work and getting their living by it, but, like every other part of creation, they are doing God's work too. They are

keeping down the herb-eating animals, which would otherwise become too numerous, and they are *keeping* the place till their lord and master comes. How could man plant gardens or sow corn-fields, if millions on millions of herb-eating creatures pressed in to devour every green thing? And what terrible work he would have had to reduce them to a manageable number, if these natural warriors, so perfectly armed, had not been made to be his assistants, and to do the worst of this work for him."

"It would be much nicer, too, mamma," said Harry, who understood a little, though not quite all, of what his mamma was saying—"it would be much nicer to hunt wild beasts than to kill hundreds of sheep and cows that people couldn't eat."

"A great deal better, Harry. It hurts a generous nature much less to attack a savage enemy than to slaughter creatures who make no resistance. Then observe how wisely the Creator has ordained that these terrible warring animals should increase but slowly. You remember that lions and tigers have never more than one or two cubs. Suppose they had as many young ones as our pussy; there would be scarce any other animals left. They would create a great solitude, and then die of famine. It is another beautiful arrangement that they are *solitary* creatures. Each goes out alone to provide for himself. Just imagine what it would be if the lion were to hunt in packs like the dog! Man

could then never enter his domains, for there would be no possibility of resisting him.

"How delightful it is to see and feel the beautiful order of God's world and everything in it! It is like a great house, where everything is just in its proper place; and if you pay enough of attention you may know in a moment where to put your hand upon it. I love first to *look* at an animal, to study its structure and all its ways; and then I love to find out exactly where God has put it, and what arrangements He has made for it, without its knowledge or will, and that it never does and never can know anything about. Thus is the most terrible beast of prey God's servant, doing its appointed work all its life long, keeping the whole animal creation in order, and yet knowing nothing but that it is hungry, and that it must find its food. But God has made *us* on purpose to find out his will, and to study and take pleasure in it. That is *our place.* Shall we fill it less perfectly than the beasts of prey do theirs?

"To-morrow is the day for the menagerie. I am *quite sure* you will look well at all the cats. But after you have done that, I want you to take particular notice of the dogs, the wolves, hyænas, and jackals, because I mean next to tell you as much as I can about them."

PART II.—DOGS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HYÆNA, OR THE DOG'S COUSIN.

NEXT day was the long-expected Christmas, and the children paid their visit to the menagerie; but they had no time to talk about it that day, because they were too busily employed otherwise. They were decorating the rooms with holly and mistletoe for a home-festival in the evening, and they were finishing up little paper baskets, full of *bonbons*, and other pretty things of their own making, which they hung upon a large branch of holly, stuck in a pot full of earth, meant to represent a Christmas-tree. They had no bought tree, hung with coloured lamps and shop-toys, and for this reason :—

Their mamma had once before, on the Christmas week, taken them to a shop where there was such a tree, which cost several pounds, and they had longed very much to have it; but she had spoken to them in this manner :—

"This is indeed a very pretty tree. The branches are hung with gaudy toys, like blossoms; yet these blossoms must all perish in a single night. A few minutes will be enough to strip it bare, and then there will be no fruit; not one berry will grow afterwards. Such are the toy-trees that grow in the land of fancy. But there is another tree, called the Tree of Bounty, and it grows in the Land of Feeling. The roots are in our hearts, and the branches reach into the poor rooms of poor people all round us, who have no Christmas dinner to eat, and nothing to distinguish Christmas-day from any other day, unless we give it them. The blossoms are not quite so pretty to look at, for they are only bits of meat and pudding, and warm shawls and blankets, just such as you see every day; but the fruits are very sweet, for they are kind thoughts and good thoughts, which will not pass away when the meat is eaten or the dress is worn. The poor people will think, 'God has not forgotten us, and our fellow-creatures who are better off than ourselves have not forgotten us; and God is right to send us some of his bounty by them, because perhaps it makes us love Him and love them better than even if we had been able to provide this for ourselves.' Now, I am not rich enough to give you *both* trees. I don't ask you which you like the best, for little people almost always like fancy things best; but which do you think God would like best? God, who gives us our money,

and makes us happy at the Christmas time, and sent the baby who was born at Bethlehem, somewhere about eighteen hundred years ago, into the world, to teach men kindness and goodwill to each other, which do you think *He* likes best?"

The children thought He must like the Tree of Bounty best.

"Then," continued their mamma, "we must have the one which He would like; and soon you will come to see that it is the best, and the prettiest into the bargain."

As the children had always three pensioners a-piece, to whom they carried little comforts now and then, and about whom they were accustomed to compare notes, they brought an extra present to each of them the very first thing on the morning of Christmas-day. And they knew and confessed that the tree of bounty was the best, but they could not quite see it yet to be the prettiest; so, as children are never fully happy without being allowed to pluck a few of those bright perishing blossoms that grow in the land of fancy, they had leave to decorate a holly branch, that looked like a tree, for themselves; and they were better pleased in doing so with the fruits of their own labour, than if they had robbed the tree of bounty, in order to place on the other one a thousand shining lamps and sparkling toys.

Thus it was the following day before the natural history conversation was resumed, and then their mamma

wished to know all that they had been thinking while looking at the animals in the menagerie. They both said they had first gone straight up to the lion, which was lying asleep, with his head resting on his fore-paws; but the keeper had awaked him; and then Bessie had remembered Hubert and the Lady Una, and had been fancying the lion looking up with soft clear eyes into Lady Una's face, just as Hubert did when he recognized his master in the gardens at Paris. But Harry thought most about the sandy deserts of Africa, and the lion roaming abroad in the storm, with the frightened herds of animals flying before him; and he said the lion must feel very different in the cage, where he couldn't have his walk of forty miles, where his dinner was brought to him; and he didn't feel any stronger or more terrible than the other animals in the other cages.

"And, mamma," said Harry, "the keeper made him jump backwards and forwards through a large ring, like the harlequin in painted colours that we saw one evening in passing by the Links; and I didn't like very much to see him do it, because it made him look like a slave."

"Quite right, my boy," said his mamma; "it is not pleasant to see any creature degraded below its natural place and dignity."

"Then," said Harry, "we went round to look at the other cats. The panther looked the most terrible of them all. He was walking up and down in *such* a rage, as if

he could be hungry enough to eat somebody every minute of the day! And I couldn't help thinking how dreadful it would be if I were running off from him, and if I fancied I could get away by climbing into a tree, and the panther came after me with his quick, supple body, and pulled me back by the leg. I was so frightened, that I felt glad to go and look at something else."

"Did you look particularly at the hyænas, and wolves, and jackals, as I wished you to do?" asked their mamma.

"Yes," answered the children; "but they are not nearly so beautiful as the cats, and we thought they were *meaner* looking."

"The hyænas and wolves are especially so," said Mrs. Myrtle; "and that is, I daresay, because they have meaner work to do. In order to give you an idea of what that work is, I think I had better begin with the hyæna, although he is not a dog. Yet I think, nevertheless, he may be called the dog's cousin. Do you remember that hot time last summer, Bessie, when we had several strangers staying in the house, and it was so exceedingly difficult to keep meat sweet for the table? One day I was vexed about a joint of mutton which had only been kept three days, and yet which nobody liked very much to eat, because it smelt slightly as soon as the cover was taken off. What do you call meat when it is so?"

"Bad, rotten, putrid," said the children.

"Not quite so bad as rotten or putrid; it is only *tainted.* Well, in this country it takes about three days for meat to become so in the very hottest weather; but in the East Indies, and other places where the sun shines more directly down than it does here, they must use their meat the very day it is killed, or it would become not only tainted, but putrid. In like manner, when an animal dies of itself, as many of the larger kinds do—lions, for instance, which no other animal is strong enough or bold enough to attack—the body will putrify directly under the hot sun, and the air all round will become so bad as to be very unwholesome. If many animals died thus, and were left above the ground, you can fancy how shocking it would be, and how it might give rise to plagues and diseases."

"I remember," said Harry, "a body of a horse that lay for a long time a little way out of the town on the sea-shore, and how nasty it was to pass that place. I had always to hold my breath and look another way."

"And if it was so nasty on the sea-shore, with the fresh breezes blowing," said mamma, "what would it be on the hot, hot desert sands, with the fierce sun beating down, and no drop of water to cool the air for hundreds or thousands of miles away, and where the wind is like the blast of a great furnace; or, in the midst of stifling woods and jungles, which might be rendered unfit even

for the habitation of wild beasts, who like, as we have seen, clean and fresh dwelling-places as much as man does. So here is work to be done—not very nice, but quite necessary. And who is to do it? It would not be fit or wholesome for man, you know, even if he were there. The cats, which feed on prey which they have just killed themselves, would not touch it, and no animal has sense enough to dig a grave for his neighbour. What is to be done?"

"I think," said Bessie, "there would need to be animals made to feed upon dead bodies, as well as those which kill the living."

"That is exactly what God has done," said her mamma. "He has made the hyænas and animals of the dog kind, besides several birds, of which the vulture is the first, to feed on dead bodies, and to *prefer* flesh in a putrid state to that of animals newly killed. We may not admire this taste; but you know all creatures must be made with a liking or appetite for their work, or they would not do it properly. These, too, are God's hosts—His servants, who do all His pleasure. The hyæna is not reckoned a dog, because he has not the same number of teeth and toes. All animals of the same kind must be alike in these respects. The hyæna wants a tooth behind each of the great tearing ones at the corners, which the dog has; and he has likewise only four toes on each foot, while the dog has five on the fore-feet and four on

the hinder ones. Yet, as the hyæna is first and foremost in the special work set apart for himself and the dogs to perform—that is, to destroy the bodies of dead and putrefying animals—so we may expect to find him best armed and provided for that purpose. And so he is. His teeth are tremendously strong. His jaws are shorter and much stronger than those of the dog, and his toes are made for digging, so that he can easily scrape up bodies which are not buried deep, and would give rise to stench by putrefying near the surface of the earth. The muscles and bones of his neck are so hard and powerful, that old writers used to say it was all made of one bone, without a joint. Of course it is not easy to make him part with anything which he has once got into his clutches. The best natured dog, you know, snarls very much when you try to get a bone out of his paws which he has begun to gnaw; but to snatch such a thing from the hyæna would be quite impossible. The Arabs know this so well, that they have given him a name which means *obstinacy, stubbornness.* His tongue is rough, as in the cats, being covered with little spines bent backwards like the lion's tongue, and it serves the same purpose—that is, to scrape the flesh quite clean off the larger bones. But his scent is keen and fine, like that of the dog. It tells him where there is a dead body, or any putrefying substance, though it be a great way off, and leads him straight on to it without any

chance of losing his way. The *striped* hyæna, which is very abundant all over the northern countries of Africa, acts the part of a scavenger, by going at nights into the towns and villages and eating up all the dirty offal and pieces of unburied carcasses it can find. Bruce, a celebrated traveller who went through Egypt and Abyssinia (here they are, see, in the right hand corner of the upper part of Africa), for the purpose of finding out where the source of the Nile was—you remember something about the Nile, don't you, Harry?"

"Oh yes, mamma, that was the river that had its waters turned into blood, when God was making Pharaoh let the people of Israel go. It was there, too, just by the edge, where the flags and beautiful water-lilies grew, that Moses was lying in his little cradle of bulrushes when the princess found him and took him home."

"Well, then, the exact spot where that river sprung out of the ground was never known until Speke and Grant made their way to its source, through great dangers and difficulties, a few years ago. Bruce, however, in 1770, made an attempt to discover the springs of the Nile, and has left an interesting narrative of his adventures. He tells us that he saw more hyænas in Abyssinia than sheep, they were so very plentiful; and he seemed to think they made the people dirty in their habits, by inducing them to leave the remains of slaughtered carcasses in the streets, until the hyænas should come

in the night time and take them away. However, the people in the south of Africa, where the *spotted* hyæna lives, used to do exactly the same thing. Even the cleanly Dutch settlers at the Cape once thought his visits extremely useful, though now they have got greater conveniences and better regulations; and the hyænas themselves, too, having become much fewer, they do not prize their services, or depend upon them as they did formerly. People there who have any regard for the dead bodies of their friends, need to take good care that they are buried deep, and well protected, or else the hyæna will come at night and dig up the grave with his strong claws, and with his powerful jaws and neck pull the dead body out and devour it."

"Oh, mamma, how shocking!" cried Bessie; "what a horrid animal. It puts me in mind of the dreadful story of the lady who was a ghoul, and in the day-time ate only rice with a bodkin, and then went out through the night to the churchyard and fed on dead people."

"It is very likely," said her mamma, "that these eastern stories arise from the people in these countries having their minds full of ideas derived from the habits of such animals as the hyæna. In a lady, indeed, such proceedings would be very horrible. But remember that the hyæna must look upon the matter in quite a different light from what we can do. Why, in fact, should the dead body of a man be more to him than

that of any other animal? Man is not of his own species—though if he were I do not say that *that* would protect him, for hyænas devour the bodies and gnaw the bones of their own kindred. But in so far as man is concerned, he is to other animals exactly what they are to him; and you know very well that we do not feel at all more horrible after having eaten a comfortable dinner of beef or mutton."

"That is true, mamma," said Bessie; "yet I don't love the hyæna—I *can't* love it. I think it is a nasty creature."

"You are not called upon to love it, my dear child," said her mamma. "God has given us a sense of beauty and purity to which He does not intend us to do violence. It is quite possible for us to see His wisdom in fitting an animal most perfectly and admirably for a certain place in creation, and yet it may not be required of us to give that animal a place in our higher and better affections. But as we see more and more clearly how exactly every living creature fits its own place, and how beautifully every part of its body, and every part of its nature, has been suited to its place and its work, we learn as reasonable beings to moderate our dislike of what seems at first repulsive to us, and try to see it as *God sees it.* If He has provided a place for it in this great world, and has made it for its place, shall we not bear with it when He bears with it, and let it fill its niche without grudging, so long as it is useful there?



HYÆNAS IN RUINED CITY.

When it ceases to be so, He gave man, by giving him dominion over the beasts of the field, full liberty to destroy those who would hinder instead of helping his

progress. If you please, however, you are at liberty to think of the hyæna as one of those *doleful* creatures which, it was foretold by the prophet, should haunt the great ruined cities of the East."

"What is *doleful?*" inquired Harry.

"Dark, dismal, melancholy; not such as to draw us towards it by its cheerfulness, gentleness, and beauty, but rather to make us draw back from it in horror or disgust because its nature and habits are not congenial to our own; that is, not such as we like to love and cherish. If God calls some creatures doleful, there is no need for us to think of them otherwise. And the hyæna is peculiarly a *doleful* creature;—though the traveller does not need to be very much afraid of him, because, unless made very, very desperate by hunger, he never attacks a man. Yet he will follow a man at a respectable distance, uttering the most dreary cries, and sometimes laughing with a curious cackling noise, in such a way that it was once imagined he meant to imitate the voice of a human being, and entice travellers to go up to him, in order that he might devour them. This is not true. That laugh is one of his natural cries; but heard after the sun sets, during the short twilight of those countries and the silence of night—for the hyæna is a nocturnal animal, with eyes made for seeing in the darkness—it gives one a feeling of great fear, and, in some of its peculiar haunts, of mournful sadness, which cannot be described.

'The fiend-like laugh of the hyænas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim!'

If you and I had such a ring, Bessie, as Beauty used to lay on her table, when she wished herself at home, out of the Beast's palace, and then back again, and if we made use of it to see the hyæna in his native haunts, where should we go to-night, do you think?"

"Not to the churchyard, please, mamma," said Bessie, with a little shudder.

"No; certainly not," replied her mamma; "we should not go near the churchyard, nor should we care very much to watch him prowling about the African villages, trying to break down the wattle fences, and to enter some of the poor huts, in order to carry off a child; for though he greatly prefers dead carcasses, and these are his natural food, yet when very sorely pressed by hunger, he will betake himself to searching for living prey, and always the weaker or more defenceless the creature is, the readier he is to attack it. If he has any intention of seizing upon an animal, he uses every means in his power to make it run before him, in order that he may get hold of it in the flank—that is, in the hinder part of one of its sides—when it can neither use horns against him nor kick him with its heels. Many of the poor oxen have their tails bitten off by the hyænas, which is a great inconvenience to them; for you know the tails of animals have been given them to switch

off the flies with, and in these hot climates the flies are dreadfully tormenting."

"What a coward of a fellow he must be!" said Harry, "always to strike behind, just where he can't be hit."

"His general character is cowardly and skulking," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "yet, if once attacked, he defends himself with the greatest fierceness and obstinacy."

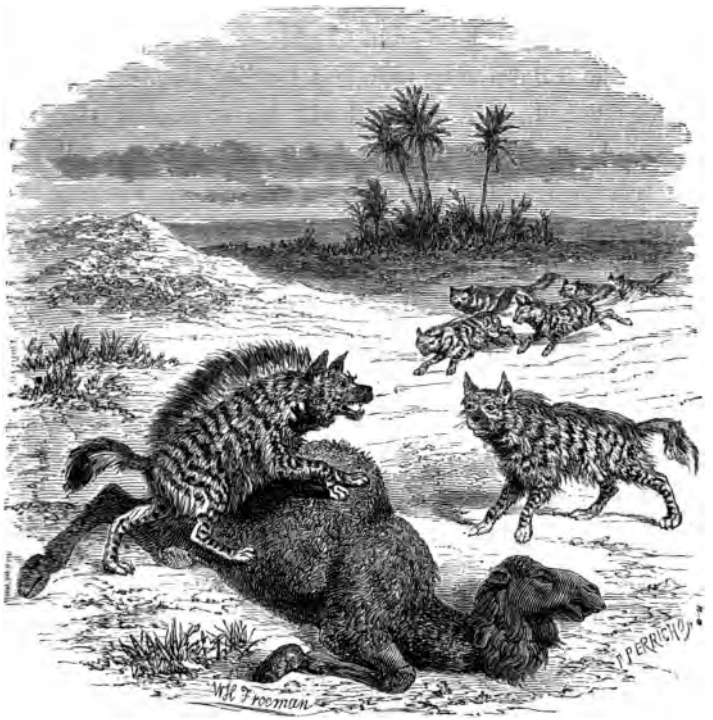
"But where should we go with the ring?" asked Bessie; "I should like to know that."

"Suppose," said her mamma, "we went to a *real* palace, and whole miles of palaces, grander than any that are now built by men, and which nevertheless are only inhabited by beasts, what would you say to that?"

"I thought it was only in a fairy tale that there could be a beast's palace," said Bessie.

"Ah, but there are things in the world as strange as any in fairy tales," replied Mrs. Myrtle, "and that are likewise true. Before we go into Beast's palace, however, and see how it looks, with all its grand furniture, we shall glance at hyæna as he lies asleep through the day in some hole of the ground, or some cavern or lonely place, covered with bushes. He does not keep his den so nice and clean as the lion does, for it is full of bones of dead animals that he has been gnawing, till, as in that cave of hyænas which lived before man was made, he has got into it quite a museum of natural history. But here he lies resting with his family until just after

sunset, when, perhaps, he is roused by hearing the lion roar: and then he is not frightened, but pleased, because he knows very well that the lion is likely to kill more than he will eat, and will leave some of the remains lying on the ground. So up he gets, and follows at a very respectful distance. Perhaps on his way he may cross some solitary traveller, who in his terror and disgust will instinctively, as Captain Beechy says, put his hand on his pistol. He had better not draw the trigger, however, for the hyæna is only dangerous when attacked, and, if let alone, will of his own accord begin to run. And presently may be heard that extraordinary cackling laugh, half grotesque and half fearful, which I told you of before. Very probably the brute has come upon the remains which the lion has left, and this is his way of expressing his joy that he is going to have a good meal, without the trouble of killing, or any danger to himself. Or it may be that he has alighted on the body of a camel which has perished by the wayside, spent with fatigue and hunger. The sport will soon attract others of his kind, and the first comer will be fiercely assailed; the wild shrieks of the struggling, yelling, battling antagonists making night hideous, until they sullenly agree to share the booty with one another. After he has done eating, he next thinks of drinking. Where is he going, I wonder, by the light of that moon, which shines so wonderfully bright? We have never



THE DEAD CAMEL.

seen such here, not even at the harvest time, when she is round and full, and the reapers continue binding their sheaves by the light of her beams. He does not seem to be going towards any stream or river, as wild beasts generally do to quench their thirst, but away where the sands glisten white, and where rows of great tall pillars

and monstrous stones, half buried in the sand, and gateways and temples, far higher than our church-steeples, are stretching for miles and miles away. If we go with him into this strange place, we shall feel as if we were little insects creeping at the bottom of great monuments, built by giants. Here is a street or avenue two miles long, and yet it is not bordered by either houses or trees, but by enormous figures, cut out of stone, of creatures such as never were, and never will be seen alive anywhere. They have got human heads and a beast's body, and all are lying down on their pedestals, with their forepaws stretched out and heads erect, and are looking down upon us with large, calm, beautiful faces, that seem to say, 'How old are you? We are three thousand years. We remember when great swarms of little people such as you put us up, each one in its own place, and here we are still; but these little people are all gone, ages and ages ago.' Ah, these are Egyptian sphynxes who have been thus talking to us, and we are in the ancient city of Thebes, which had once a hundred gates, and where the great Pharaohs reigned, long, long before Moses was cradled beside the Nile. And here, at this spot where the ring has brought us, are *twelve* avenues of sphynxes such as we have described; and at the end of each, in the middle, where they all meet, are gateways larger than the largest churches—great statues, some sitting, some standing, and all of them five or six

times bigger than a man—and rows of columns, twice as tall as the statues, and so thick that you would take as long to go round each as to walk round a good sized room. Then there are other tapering pillars called obelisks, so tall that they look as if they pierced the moonlight sky. On the gateways are figures, carved and painted, of warriors and battles and captives; and in the most sacred room of the temple, which is inside of all, is shown, by figures on the walls, the manner in which the Egyptians worshipped the false god for whom all this grandeur was made, and for whose sake millions of human lives were spent in the making of it. And under what shape do you think the people of Egypt worshipped this wonderful god?"

"Surely, mamma," said Harry, "he must have been *very, very big*—bigger than the largest of all those big things!"

"No, indeed; they worshipped him as a black bull—a real live bull—with a white mark on his forehead, and other curious marks on his body. And all the way up the river Nile are ruins of great cities and great temples, somewhat like that which I have been telling you of; and the gods of these temples were sometimes cats, and sometimes the ibis, a kind of water-bird, and sometimes other sorts of animals. And when such animals died, many had cities for themselves, where they were carried for burial. All the dead bodies of the cats, after being salted, were carried to one city; shrew mice and hawks

to another; the ibis to another, and so on. What would you think of whole miles of passages made below the ground in those cities, lined with rows of jars piled up one upon another, each having the preserved body of an ibis—a poor little bird—within it? And that miserable skeleton was once worshipped by the very people that raised all the wonderful sphynxes, gateways, columns, obelisks, and temples!"

"Was that the *very country* where Moses and the children of Israel lived, and where God sent the plagues?" asked Bessie.

"*The very* country," replied Mrs. Myrtle. "The lives of millions of Israelites were spent in toiling under the burning sun of Egypt, in making these great beasts' palaces and burial cities, as well as the lives of more millions of Egyptians than we can count. Besides these, there were miles and miles of burial-places for human beings cut out of the sides of the mountains; and great burial-places for kings, like mountains of brick, standing all by themselves, and full of rooms, covered with painting and sculpture, and in the finest room of all the king's coffin.* The Egyptians believed that all these bodies of kings and people and beasts, which they took such care to preserve, would live again. Indeed, they thought of nothing but dying and living again. What they did

* The reader may learn all about these from "The Valley of the Nile," a little book published by Messrs. Nelson.

not understand was how to live so as to please a holy God. That was because they did not know the true God, but gave themselves up to this terrible beast-worship.

"But you have forgot the hyæna, mamma," said Harry. "What is he doing there? Is he looking for some of the dead bodies to eat?"

"No, no," said his mamma; "the bodies of men and beasts and birds, although they have been so carefully preserved for so many centuries, by filling them full of spices, and wrapping them up in many folds of cloth, are all as dry as dust, and the hyæna could not get one mouthful out of them all. No;—he is looking for water to drink in places made by the Egyptians for keeping stores of Nile water at some distance from the river; and many other wild beasts go there for the same purpose. Some of them make their dens among these wonderful temples and tombs, so that they may still be called beasts' palaces; for except a few Arabs who live in some miserable huts close by the river-side, there are no people.

"In all those eastern countries which are mentioned in Scripture, beginning at Great Babylon, where King Nebuchadnezzar lived, and where Daniel was put into the lion's den—across Syria, where dwell many different nations who had something to do with God's people, and down into Egypt, where they lived for 400 years—in these countries, and nowhere else, in like manner, in the

wide world, that I know of, there are great numbers of such ruined cities, which are only beasts' palaces. Jackals, wild boars, dragons, and owls, fill the midnight air with their melancholy howlings and their dismal shrieks; and the hyæna's wild laugh is heard in those places where once there was joyous feasting and merry dancing, and where beautiful music floated up to the starry sky. Who do you think has brought all these places at once so low, and has left them lying thus empty and silent for so many, many hundred years, while all the rest of the world, east, west, north, and south, is swarming with busy myriads, not knowing where to get room enough and bread enough; and yet they are kept out from the cities of this charmed circle, as if there was an invisible band of angels round about them? How is this?"

"I am sure it must be God's doing," said Bessie. "I daresay he is angry at those places for their shocking beast-worship."

"Yes, and for their idol-worship too," added Mrs. Myrtle. "Some, as in Egypt, made the Godhead like unto four-footed beasts and creeping things; and some to silver and gold, graven according to man's device. Next Sabbath, if we are spared, you shall learn some verses written by God's prophets hundreds of years *before* those places were laid in ruins, while they were all as full and busy as London and Edinburgh are now; yet the prophets foretold that they would one day be exactly in the state in

which they are now. That was, that we might be *quite sure* it was God who had done it, without any mistake.

"Now, I think, after having been so long in the Beast's palace, we must make use of our ring again, and come back whence we set out, for we are quite too long in getting done with the hyæna. But I must tell you first, that he is not always so greedy, and savage, and selfish, as we have seen him. On the contrary, he too seems to have in him the rudiments of a better nature. The Hottentots, notwithstanding their dread of his entering their huts and carrying away their children, often rear him up tame, and keep him instead of a dog, and then he seems to approach the faithful attached disposition of the canine race, and to have none of the treacherous love of blood which is so unconquerable in some of the cats. He is distinguished from the dogs, however, not only by having a different number of teeth and toes, and by some other peculiarities, but he is likewise a solitary animal; while all the true dogs—except, indeed, the foxes, which belong to that genus—hunt in packs. But there is a creature common at the Cape, called the hyæna-dog, which seems to connect the two races together, for his teeth correspond with those of the dog, and he hunts in packs. That is one reason why I call the hyæna the dog's cousin, because God himself has made a link of connection between them by this dog-hyæna, which possesses the most striking peculiarities of both."

CHAPTER VIII.

STORIES OF WOLVES AND JACKALS.



"I HAVE given you such a long account of the hyæna," said Mrs. Myrtle, at the next day's lesson, "because he serves to show best of all what kind of work is to be done in those countries in which he lives, and how God has provided for the doing of it. But there is more to do in the same way than the hyæna can manage; so there are wolves and jackals, and even the common dog, who all do their part towards the same end—that is, to prevent the air from becoming tainted by decaying carcasses and putrid matter. Wolves and jackals have quite the same number of teeth and toes as the dog, and their structure in other respects is the same, so that they are considered to be dogs, and to belong to the canine race. Some naturalists say that our dog is descended from the jackal, and some say that the wolf is his forefather. As shown, however, by Egyptian paintings, the domestic dog was as unlike either three thousand years ago as he is now. And certainly these three kinds of animals,

which are such very near relations, have no regard for each other whatever. On the contrary, they seem to dislike each other excessively, and will fight with more deadly hatred than if they were of quite strange natures. The jackal lives in the same countries as the hyæna—that is to say, in the hotter parts of Asia and Africa. He is rather more like a fox than a dog in appearance, being about the same size and general colour, a yellow-brown or orange-yellow; but he stands higher on his legs than the fox, resembling in that respect more the dog. He lives in holes and caves like the hyæna, and like him, too, goes out at night to seek for his prey. You may guess, therefore, that he too haunts the great ruined cities, making his den there, and often prowling about in search of water to quench his thirst.

"In Hindostan he haunts the banks of the great river, and feeds upon the dead bodies thrown ashore by the receding tide. And he seldom wants for prey, the Hindu believing that if his remains are committed to the waters of the sacred Ganges, his spirit will be admitted without delay to a realm of bliss. The jackal is very rapacious; and if the dead are not securely buried, will scratch away the earth, and dig them up. Wherever there is carrion, there, too, will you find a troop of ravenous and noisome jackals.

"The hyæna, however, pursues, as I have said, all his



JACKALS AND THEIR PREY.

occupations in solitude, preferring to have no companion to deprive him of any part of his meals. If the jackal finds a dead carcass or any piece of decaying flesh, he

too likes to have it all to himself, and he will tell no one; but the love of attacking living prey is much stronger in him than in the hyæna, and that he does not alone, but in packs. It is from the habit of hunting in packs that jackals and wolves and dogs derive their greatest strength, and make themselves most formidable; for you know they have not the tremendously strong muscles, and other necessary provisions for making a sudden powerful spring, which the lion and the tiger have. So, when the jackal gets scent of a troop of antelopes or deer feeding in the neighbourhood, he immediately sets up a yell, which is repeated by the jackal nearest to him, and spreads from one to another till the noise becomes perfectly frightful. Captain Beechy describes this scream or shriek so well that I must tell you what he says: 'We hardly know a sound which partakes less of harmony than that in question; and, indeed, the sudden burst of the answering long-protracted scream succeeding immediately to the opening note, is scarcely less impressive than the roll of the thunder-clap immediately after a flash of lightning. The effect of this music is very much increased when the first note is heard in the distance, and the answering yell bursts out from several points at once, within a few yards or feet of the place where the auditors are sleeping.'

"When the lion, whose hearing is not very acute, is awakened by this terrible outcry, he rouses himself, and

sets out on his nightly walk in the direction which the shrieking of the jackals seems to indicate. This has caused the jackal to be called 'The Lion's Provider,' and it has been said that he hunts down the prey which the lion comes up in time to take from him. But this is not the case. The lion wants no one to hunt down his prey, and is much better pleased to kill it for himself. He only follows in the direction of the cry, which tells him where the herds are feeding; and whenever his lordly step and his mighty roar are heard, the jackal and all the other beasts of prey keep at a distance, or else they themselves might come in for a share of his displeasure, in a way that would not be agreeable. But when the lion—who, you know, often kills more than he eats—has satisfied his hunger, then they are very glad to draw near and finish all that he has left.

"The region of the wolf begins nearly where that of the jackal stops. Cuvier, a very great French naturalist, says it is found all the way from Egypt to Lapland. It is very well that the countries where the jackals live do not suit wolves so well as a colder climate; for, both being in great numbers, and going in troops, they would be quite too much together for one district of the earth. Yet one can see no reason why it should be so, except simply God's wisdom, which has so arranged it. It is in the upper or colder parts of Europe, Asia, and America, that the wolf flourishes best and is most abundant; yet,

for all that, he likes the temperate regions very well, and he is found all across the middle of Europe—in Germany, France, and Spain. When Europe was covered with thick forests, as it was once—yes, and Britain too —then the wolf lived in these forests in great numbers;



WOLVES.

but whenever man cuts down the forests, builds cities, and cultivates vineyards and corn-fields, then he begins a terrible war upon the wolf, and nothing will satisfy him but to get it entirely destroyed. Many hundred years ago, there was a Saxon king of England named Edgar, who made the Welsh king, who paid him tribute,

bring him three hundred wolves' heads instead of gold and silver; and when a criminal had done some very bad thing worthy of death, instead of hanging him or taking off his head, he was made to bring in a certain number of wolves' tongues, to show that he had killed the like number of these animals. And so it was that England was quite cleared of wolves before any other country of Europe. In Scotland, however, they remained some time longer; and the very last wolf was only killed in the far Highlands less than two hundred years ago, by a Highland chief, called Sir Evan Cameron.

"I am glad they are all away," said Harry. "If not, I should be afraid ever to go out by myself."

"Indeed," said his mamma, "I fear they would make very bad and troublesome neighbours. I fancy that in some places in Canada—that is, the British part of North America—things are much in the same state with regard to the wolves that they were in England in the days of King Edgar. I had once a friend who left this country for Canada with her brother, who was going to be a clergyman there. They got settled down near the edge of a great forest; and, when my friend was new to the country, soon after her arrival, she thought she should like to enjoy a walk by herself, just as she had been accustomed to do in her beautiful, safe, Highland home. So one evening she wandered on to a considerable distance in the wood, taking care to leave marks whereby

she might find her way back. While she was yet a long way from home, she heard a strange cry or yell, and presently more and more joined in, till she seemed quite surrounded by strange animals, who appeared to be coming nearer and nearer. Then she remembered that she had been told there were wolves in the forest, and she knew that these cries must proceed from them —that they had probably scented her track, and were joining in a hunt after her. She described her agony of mind as dreadful; yet, by the mercy of a kind Providence, she reached home in safety, and you may guess that *that* was her last evening walk in the forest."

"And what would they have done, mamma, if they had come up with her?" asked Bessie, with a shudder, as if she guessed but too truly what the answer must be.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Myrtle, "there is no doubt but she would have been devoured; and, of all deaths, to be torn in pieces by a pack of hungry wolves appears to me the most dreadful. Being at any rate of a cunning and ferocious disposition, hunger renders the wolf savage beyond measure. When he is quite alone, he is very much afraid for his own safety, and very suspicious of danger. In that very country where my friend lived, a bladder tied to a pole and swung about by the wind will keep him from meddling with a herd of grazing animals; and if a deer or sheep be tied to a stake, he will be afraid to go near, lest there be a pitfall near, and

the creature might be only placed there to entrap him into it. But if he is one of a large troop, he then knows he is strong in numbers. Even then, however, he is cowed by any formidable show of human power, and in the African wilds he—and the lion also—will watch from afar in mingled rage and terror the march of the numerous caravan, afraid and yet eager to attack. But woe be to any unlucky straggler who lingers behind the main body; he will assuredly fall a victim!

"But, after all, mamma, the wolves are not to blame," said Bessie, anxious to clear away as much of the *appearance* of moral evil as possible. "If it is dreadful to be devoured, it would be *as* dreadful to die of starvation; and they *must* die, if they get nothing to eat."

"Of course," replied her mother, "it is hunger which renders all animals, or nearly all, so savage as they are; and that is the reason that, when they are well fed, when all their appetites are fully supplied, instead of showing nothing but a savage ferocity, they become gentle and playful. What would man himself be if he were kept always in a state of excitement by the fierce pangs of hunger? and where would all the good and beautiful things be that he has thought and done? So it is that an animal never begins to show his better nature—the good dispositions that have been given him—till his animal wants are first appeased. We should make allowance for this when we judge of the tempers

and characters of the brute creation; and we should remember it, too, in judging of a large class of our fellow-creatures; for I am afraid that many, many of them are little better than half-starved animals, and that the dispositions with which they have been endowed *as men* have a hard struggle to show themselves at all. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*"

"What does that mean?" asked Bessie.

"It means generally, let us return to our proper subject, which at present is the famished wolves. These have different modes of attacking different creatures, according to their various habits; and rather than call this cunning and treachery, I think we may see in it the rudiments of that sagacity which makes the dog so valuable. If a troop of wild horses is to be attacked, then there is a regular drawn battle. The horses place their females and young ones, who tremble excessively, in the middle, to keep them as safe as possible, while the males form a ring as deep as they can around them on the outside. The wolves come on, led by the wisest and strongest, and then the fight becomes terrible. The horses use their hoofs to kick with; but as the wolves are in great numbers, and make their attack with the utmost daring, troop after troop, it nearly always ends in their having the victory. Many of the horses fall victims, and the rest save themselves by flight as they best can. Again, if they have deer to attack, which can

run faster than themselves, they try if possible to get them driven on to the brink of a precipice, if there be such in the neighbourhood, and for this purpose they form themselves into a crescent—that is, a line curved in the shape of a half-moon. They approach very quietly towards the herd, who are grazing without suspecting any danger, and make not the least noise for fear of alarming them, until they have completely enclosed them on all sides, except that towards the precipice; and when this is fairly done, they begin to run, setting up a furious yell, which at once startles the deer, and makes them fly in the only direction which is open to them, and where, unknown to themselves, poor things, they must meet with certain destruction. For those of the deer that are behind, in their terror and anxiety to get away, push on those that are foremost, until they fall over the precipice, and many are dashed to pieces. The wolves then go round to the bottom by another way, and devour the fallen carcasses at their leisure."

"Aren't the people very much frightened for wolves in those countries where they live?" asked Harry.

"Indeed they are," replied his mamma; "and in all of them there are many wild stories told, some of them true and some false. In the great dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for at least eight months of the year, the wolves roam about in numberless troops, and it is a fearful thing for the traveller,



WOLVES DRIVING DEER OVER A PRECIPICE.

especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer and nearer to him. You have read the story of the lady and gentleman who

were so overtaken, when on a night-journey in a sledge drawn by several pairs of horses, which is the way that people travel there, for a number of horses are required to drag them over the frozen masses of snow and the stumps of fallen trees. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make, the wolves, which had been long pursuing them, at length came up, and they were obliged to sacrifice one of their horses, so as to occupy their insatiable pursuers for a while, and so give themselves a chance of escape. Again and again were they overtaken, and as often were they obliged to have recourse to the same expedient, till at length no horses remained but what were absolutely necessary to drag on the sledge. Then did the faithful driver, in order to give his dear master and mistress their last chance of escape, throw himself into the midst of the angry pack, to be torn in pieces for their sakes. The noble pair escaped to tell the story of this affecting devotion; and we are reminded by the writer of the story that there was ONE who gave himself up to death for us, and bore all the rage of angry men and angry devils, more terrible than wolves, that we might escape from eternal death.

"Further to the north than Russia, wolves torment the poor Esquimaux and Laplander in their snow-houses, and try to steal from them the provision of frozen seal or whale which they have laid up for themselves. The Esquimaux have a very ingenious way of catching them

in a trap made of ice, which is fitted with a sliding door, having a bait inside fastened to a peg of ice which is driven into the ground. The wolf, cunning as he is, suspects nothing, because the trap is so like the lumps of ice all around; no sooner does he begin to tug at the bait, than the slippery peg comes out; and being fastened by a line to the upper end of the door, down that comes, and Master Wolf finds himself suddenly enclosed in a little ice-prison, to his no very pleasant surprise. On and on to the frozen shores of the North Pole, where it is too cold for human beings to have their dwellings, still there are wolves."

"How can they stay there?" asked Harry; "surely they can find nothing to eat."

"Yes, wonderful to say," replied his mother, "although the cold is so great, that in the cabin of a ship, heated by a stove so as to be much warmer than the air outside, the breath forms into ice on the blankets, God has still filled these regions, which appear so terrible to us, with abundant life. There are not many kinds, but very great numbers of such animals as there are,—moose-deer, rein-deer, the hares, and the marmots.

"When Sir John Franklin went there with his ships, and when his men had killed a deer, and buried part of it in the snow to preserve it, the wolves came while the poor men, worn out with fatigue, were asleep, and dug it

out almost from below their feet. Sometimes, however, when a group of wolves or a flight of crows were seen, they knew there was some dead animal there, and they succeeded in driving the wolves away and getting a share of the carcass for themselves."

"What did they go to such a place for?" asked Harry; "what was the good of going there to be starved of cold and hunger?"

"They went," said Mrs. Myrtle, "in order to find out where there was land, and where water, and to see if ships could not sail all round the world, near the North Pole, without having to come back south, so as to take them an immense way round about."

"And did they find a way?" asked Harry.

"Sir John Franklin, alas! never found it out," replied his mother, "though he went there several times, and though on the last occasion he was so determined to succeed that it seemed as if no hardship or difficulty could turn him back; and he and his men perished of cold and exhaustion, and their bones lie in the icy wilderness. Memorials have been erected both in England and Scotland to record their gallant deeds and heroic devotion, which, I think, will never be forgotten by their countrymen, so long as Britons continue to honour unselfish courage. But what Sir John Franklin and Captain Parry and other brave sailors failed to do was at last accomplished by Captain Sir Roderick Maclure, who

succeeded in making his way by sea along the whole of North America between the continent and the North Pole. I am sorry to tell you, however, that this discovery, which has cost so many lives and so much money, is not after all of much use, because the dangers to vessels from the great floating ice-mountains called icebergs, and from other causes, are so great that it would be better to take ever so long a round than to run so many risks."

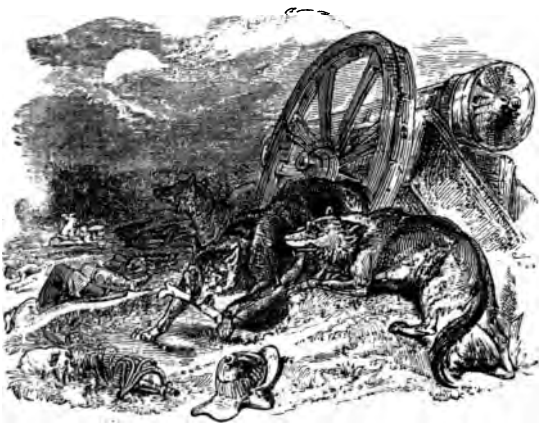
"You told us, mamma," said Bessie, "that there were some stories about the wolf true and some not true; please tell us one that is not true, for I like that best."

"Why, you already know little Red Riding Hood," replied her mother. "I think that story must have come down from the times when wolves were still to be seen in England; for no one would now think of making a wolf talk to a little girl, or try to run a race with her,—not even in a fairy story; such are generally founded on something which has a strong hold on people's belief; but long ere now we have completely forgotten all about wolves here as objects of terror. In France and Germany, however, there used to be a very wild belief regarding them. Those voracious creatures, which can make such havoc among the sheep and lambs of a flock, which would slink into the cottage and steal away the baby out of the cradle, or go to the churchyard and

dig up the newly-buried body of a friend—for the wolf will do all this—seemed too dreadful to be a mere animal without a soul. And when there was any wolf that, by his size and fierceness, made himself more formidable than others, they used to think it was in reality not a wolf, but a man, who, by anointing himself and putting on an enchanted girdle, had taken the appearance of one, and who felt all the hunger and savage rage which a wolf does. In France this wolf-man was called *loup-garon*, in England and Germany *were-wulf;* and it shows how real a belief it was, and not merely a story to frighten children with, that people were actually put to death on the charge of being *were-wulves*, just as many poor women were at one time burned for being supposed witches. You see we have cause to be thankful not only for being rid of the wolves, but also of many wild notions which ignorance and terror put into people's heads, and which did as much mischief as wild beasts could do. I don't know whether this superstition still lingers anywhere in the south of Europe, or if it is quite wearing out, as the wolves themselves are ; for though the latter still exist, they are now seldom seen in France and Germany, except in very severe winters, when they still venture near the abodes of men. This reminds me that the Saxons in England gave the name of *wolf-month* to the month of January, because in that month the wolves became very dangerous from the scarcity which

the severe cold occasioned. In Spain they must be so numerous as to require to be guarded against, for the dogs who watch the flocks in uncultivated and mountainous places, wear spiked collars to protect their necks from the fangs of the wolf when he comes.

"However, the wolf may probably disappear ere long from Europe. There was a time when he made his



AFTER THE BATTLE.

appearance on every battle-field, after the struggle was over, to make his horrible banquet upon the bodies of the unburied dead, or the wounded horse. But now, in most European countries, not even the scent of battle would attract him. He has retired further and further from the cultivated fields and the blooming gardens; but there is little chance of his becoming extinct in

those cold polar regions which man cannot inhabit. Nor is there any reason to desire that he should. Whatever part of the world man does not want or cannot enjoy, by all means let the brute creatures have for use and enjoyment, according to that nature which God has given them."

"I wonder very much," said Bessie, "that the wolf got such a large part of the world to live in, for I don't think him a nice beast at all."

"He must have had important purposes to serve," replied her mamma, "or it would not have been so. You see that he unites the appetite of the hyæna for carrion, with the desire of the cat species for living prey. So, as there are neither hyænas, nor lions, nor tigers, nor leopards in the cold and temperate regions, he has got the work of the whole of them to do. He clears away decaying substances, and he keeps down many tribes of animals which would otherwise become too numerous. And as for being '*nice*,' he has got his own share of good qualities, like most others of God's creatures. For instance, he decidedly manifests the rudiments or first beginnings of that instinct for the society of man which in the dog becomes a strong affection. The American hunters know that if they come across a young wolf, and if with loud tones and cane uplifted they threaten to chastise him, he will come and crouch to them, imploring mercy, just as a spaniel would.

Many of them employ their knowledge of this instinct to entice the poor creatures to come and lay themselves down at their feet, in order to kill them, and so obtain a reward which is given there for every wolf that is destroyed. But if, instead of killing, they take one home, and use him kindly, it is found that he learns to display all the faithfulness and attachment of the dog. I have read of a few instances of wolves which have become so fond of the persons who fed them, and supplied their wants, that when they chanced to be separated they pined away, and refused to form any new friendship. I have not heard of any which died outright, like our friend Hubert, but some I believe have come pretty near it. Then the kindness and attention of the wolf to its own young are quite remarkable, even among beasts of prey—in whom, you know, if the wisdom of God had not made this a very strong instinct, they would have been apt to devour their own little ones. The female prepares a nest, or more frequently burrows —that is, makes a hole in the ground—like the fox or rabbit, and this she lines carefully with soft moss, and with her own hair, which she tears out for that purpose. She nurses her little cubs there, and scarcely ever leaves them for two months; while all that time the male parent attends to her most affectionately, carrying to her every morsel of her food. Then both parents begin to feed their young with food, which they chew and swal-

low and afterwards disgorge, that it may be the more easily swallowed and digested; and this process they continue with the most unwearied patience for the next six or seven months, until their offspring are able to provide for themselves. So here is a happy little family, even among wolves, which might be an example to many human beings—and those not always savages, but sometimes persons of refinement and education, who love themselves and their pleasures more than their duties."

"Mamma, is it true," asked Bessie, "what the Bible says, that when all the world comes to be good, the wolf and the lamb will lie down together, and that the leopard will lie down with the kid?* I saw a picture of that once. Is it quite true?"

"All that the Bible says is true," replied her mamma.

"Well, then," continued Bessie, "will all the wild beasts be kept in cages and menageries? Because, if they go wild, what will they get to eat, and what *can* they get to eat in those icy places where no corn grows?"

"Is it true that you yourself are a lamb, Bessie? Do you eat grass—and are you covered with wool?"

"Oh no, mamma," replied Bessie, "not a real lamb. If I were a real lamb I couldn't be *myself*."

"And yet Christ himself says, 'Feed my lambs.' What does he mean?"

* Isaiah xi. 6.

"I suppose he means," said the little girl, "children like me and Harry."

"Exactly," said her mamma. "Then there must be two ways of a thing being true—one simply and really, another with some true hidden meaning, which we are to seek for."

"Then it doesn't mean real wolves and real lambs in that place, does it?" asked Bessie.

"The Scriptures, which speak quite truly," said her mamma, "can never foretell what is truly impossible. God may *do* an act which it would be impossible for us to do; but when he speaks by his prophets he foretells things which will happen, either in the course of events or in the course of nature. Now, you know, it could never be in the course of nature that wolves, or lions and leopards, should live upon grass, or anything but prey—because their teeth, their stomachs, their muscles, with every bit of their bodies, were fitted for that, and for that only. So a lion, if he got nothing to eat but straw or grass, would need another set of teeth to grind with, such as horses have—and another sort of neck, to hold down his head and graze with—and another stomach to digest his food with—and other muscles and paws than those which are meant for crouching, and springing, and clutching his victims."

"Then," said Bessie, "if he were made over again, quite new, he could not be a *lion* at all; he would be something else."

"Just as much so," replied her mother, "as you would be if four feet were given you, and wool grew upon your body—and if, instead of sitting at table, making use of a knife and fork, you ran bleating out to the lawn, and began nibbling the grass."

"But," said Bessie, hesitating, as if clinging to some idea which she could not well get clear of, "when there was a *peace-time* in the garden of Eden, before Adam ate the fruit, and when all the beasts played there together without hurting each other, they couldn't have lived upon prey, because there had been no death. The Bible says so."

"I was not aware that the Bible said so," replied her mother.

"Well, I learned it in a little catechism once, I know," said Bessie, "for I remember about it quite well."

"That is another affair, Bessie. A catechism is written by men, who may possibly put something into it which is not quite correct. Men often read the book of nature falsely, because they haven't learnt to see it aright, or *to see it at all.* And they often read the Word of God wrongly, because they have some notions in their minds which, though they do not find there, they think *ought* to be there, and so they look at that falsely too.

"Nature, which is God's work, and the Bible, which is his word, ought to be as true to each other as the re-

flection of your face in a good glass is to your face itself. So, whenever there appear to be a difference between those two—God's Word and his works—we must look at both again and again, and yet again, and we shall be sure to find out at last that the fault has been in our own manner of seeing. With regard to the subject we have been talking about, what does Nature say? It shows us teeth, claws, and spines belonging to beasts, birds, and fishes which lived myriads of ages before man was made, and which were as much fitted for tearing, cutting, and stabbing, as any that are in the world at this moment. It shows us remains of animals such as those in the hyæna's cave, gnawed and chewed, with the very marks of teeth yet upon them. Nay, we find the remains of one creature in the stomach of another which had devoured it. And there are so many proofs that these were buried in the great graveyard of the earth's strata long before *man* was created, that most probably Adam had thousands of them beneath his feet as he trod the soil of the garden of Eden itself. Then, when we *know* this to be the truth, and when we look at God's Word to see what *it* has to say, we find all the story of the wild beasts at play in Paradise to be nothing more than a mere fable of man's invention, about which there is not a single word in the Bible at all; but we find there that God threatened our first parents with *death* if they disobeyed him, and that they seemed perfectly

to understand him—for Eve did not ask any explanation of the term when she talked about it with her tempter. She did not ask if it were a terrible thing *to die*, and the serpent did not seek to deceive her on this point, because probably he knew that she had *seen* death among the harmless animals—the lambs and fawns and birds, which would be her familiar companions—and could judge for herself. A very great poet, called Milton, introduced this fable of leopards and lambs playing together in Eden into his poem. And he is in general so true to Scripture, that his doing so has helped to spread this false idea, and to make it lasting."

"Well, then," said Bessie, "I will give up believing that if it is not in the Bible, but if that *promise* part of the Bible doesn't mean *real* wolves and leopards, what *does* it mean?"

"I will tell you what I think it means. The prophets in these passages are foretelling a time of great peace and love, which will fill the whole earth, and more especially the land of Judea,—the blessed land where our Saviour dwelt. There shall be no more wars,* for in another place it is said, 'I will break the bow, and the sword, and the battle out of the earth.' Now, in times when people thought of little else than war, great chiefs and kings used to be called by the names of fierce animals, as Richard I. of England was termed *Cœur de Lion*

* Isaiah ii. 4.

—the Lion-hearted; and some of the old Saxon kings called themselves wolves for their real proper names—as *Ealdwulf*, the Old Wolf; *Ethelwulf*, the Noble Wolf, and so on. In like manner, the warriors and chiefs used to take the figure of a wolf, or other fierce animal, and put it up on the top of their helmets, that all their friends and enemies might distinguish them in the thick of the battle. They wished their friends to follow them, and their enemies to fear them. And from this custom old families still wear these figures on their crests and coats-of-arms, in remembrance of what their ancestors used to do. Now, God himself, when He made known to his prophets what was to happen to the nations of the earth, conformed to this custom among men, and called certain fierce and warlike nations by the names of certain wild beasts. So that, to say the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid, is just a very natural way of saying that people who have always been enemies will henceforth live in peace. The stronger nations of the earth shall no longer make war against and devour the weaker. People born to power and fortune will no longer trample upon those who are not so; but every one will try who can do the greatest good to his neighbour, and to all classes and conditions of men. For example, now that slavery has ceased in America, now that one person can no longer hold the lash while another crouches under it, may we not hope

that it will soon seem like the leopard lying down with the kid. Don't you think so?"

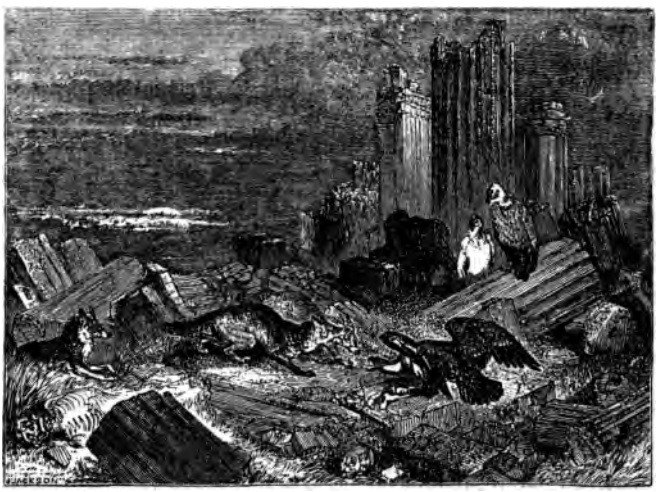
"Yes, mamma," said Bessie, thoughtfully, "I see: there will still be real wild beasts in the world, but there will be no people like them."

"But there is another promise made especially to the land of Canaan," continued Mrs. Myrtle, "which applies to real wild beasts without any mistake. It is given by the prophet Ezekiel, in the 34th chapter and 25th verse of his book. It is 'that the evil beasts shall cease out of the land,' so that people may live safely in the wilderness, or very wildest part of it, and may even, if they please, sleep in the woods.* The beasts that are evil for man and his works shall no longer molest him, being completely banished by a busy and prosperous and happy people. As the *doleful creatures*, which there haunt the ruined cities, seeking their prey and making their homes among the shattered frieze, and architecture, and column,—(as they) proclaim even till this very moment, by their dismal howlings, the wild, sad loneliness of its deserted state—so the day will come when the noise of beautiful, glad singing and thanksgiving to God, and innocent mirth, shall again be heard out of its palaces,† and when the streets shall be filled with the joyful voices of boys and girls at play.‡ Then the ruined

* Ezekiel xxxiv. 25. † Isaiah li. 3.

‡ Ezekiel xxxvi. 30, to the end.

cities and the palaces shall be all restored, and made more beautiful than ever, and more cities shall be built in the waste places; and the fruit-trees upon the lovely hills shall bend with the weight of olives and pomegranates, with every sweet luscious fruit; and corn-fields, and vineyards, and flowery meadows shall yield such an increase, that more than ever it shall be a land flowing



THE RUINED CITIES.

with milk and wine and honey, till it becomes as fair and rich as the garden of Eden itself. It will be gorgeous with the riches of art, too; for all the nations will bring there the treasures of taste, and knowledge, and wisdom that have been growing and gathering for the many, many hundred years that this land lay idle and empty; but now they

will all delight to bring those gathered riches there, until it looks like a bride adorned with jewels by the loving hands of a thousand princely relatives, whom God and man both have made radiant with loveliness, and grace, and splendour."

"Oh, mamma," cried both the children, who had been listening with eyes wide open and earnestly fixed on their mother's face, "how we *should* like to see that land when it becomes so beautiful! When will it be? When will those promises come true?"

"God only can tell," said Mrs. Myrtle. "No doubt it would be delightful for you to play in the very green pastures and beside the still waters where David once tuned his harp. It would be beautiful to carry away a stock of health for mind and body that would help to make us better and happier for the rest of the year. *That* may be a pleasure kept for the children of future generations; but we have, and ought to have, the enjoyment of thinking about it: because even God himself, as his prophets tell us, seems to look forward to that time with an almost immeasurable fulness of expectation and delight. But we must remember that He whose blessing only could make you happy there, can likewise bless you here, and also make you holy and happy.

"We must now, however, have done with this subject, and next day we shall begin a new one."

CHAPTER IX.

A LECTURE UPON THE DOG.



"YOU promised us something new to-day, mamma," said Harry, at the next conversation; "what is it going to be?"

"I have been telling you about the dog's relations, which are called his *congeners*," replied his mamma. "I mean now to tell you about the dog himself."

"That is droll," cried Bessie. "We began with pussy sleeping on the hearth-rug, and now, after being in Africa, Asia, and America, we are come back to our own Nero in his kennel out there!"

"We are indeed come back to our own Nero; but," replied her mamma, "don't be too sure that we shall not be away into Africa, Asia, and America into the bargain. The jackal and hyæna live in hot countries, which have the most need of them, and the wolf lives in colder climates; but the dog can live in all parts of the world. Being intended for the friend and companion of man, wherever man has gone, there this faithful friend has

followed him, so that a complete history of the dog might almost be made a history of the human race. Is it not very wonderful, that while other animals are kept within their own boundaries as strictly as if they were confined there by an invisible chain, because their constitutions can bear only one particular climate, this animal, which was *meant* to accompany man everywhere, and which feels the strongest desire to do so, should, like man himself, be able to live everywhere?"

"But, mamma," said Bessie, "if wolves and jackals are just dogs, why cannot they live everywhere too?"

"Some naturalists, Bessie, say that dogs are the descendants of wolves and jackals, who have been trained, by long habit and the companionship of man, to be what they are, and to go where man goes. But I must tell you that others say he was as different from the beginning from either wolves or jackals as these animals are from each other. It would have been as easy, no doubt, for God to create four distinct races of the canine species as three, if he pleased to do so,—as easy as to make the leopard, the ounce, the jaguar, and the ocelot, different from the tiger, and from each other, yet all cats, with the same structure and the same habits. There are in North America, in Australia, in India, Persia, China, and Egypt, besides many islands different races of wild dogs, which never appear to have been in subjection to man, which hunt in packs like wolves, yet are decidedly not

wolves, but dogs. They seem to be superior in courage to the wolf; for in India they will attack not only herds of grazing animals, like hogs and deer, but even tigers and leopards; having a particular enmity, as all dogs have, to the whole tribe of cats. In no part of the world that I know of, however, are dogs seriously hurtful instead of helpful to man, except it be in Australia, where the wild dogs are in greater numbers than in any other place. Australia is, you know, an immense island, away on the other side of the globe, nearly as large as the whole continent of Europe. But it is not yet half full of people; for except some miserable savages, there are settlements only here and there along its very edge, or sea-coast. The whole of the inland part is full of stony plains and waste hills, and broad pastures, lying withering to the scorching sun, and not yet made the territory of man. It may be said to belong to the wild dog, who is as yet its only lord and master. And in this, his wild state, he is as formidable to man as he is helpful to him when he is made his friend and ally. For he seems to unite in himself all the good and bad qualities of all his relations;—the ferocity and contrivance of the wolf, the cunning of the fox, with a high courage, which belongs only to himself. You will not be surprised, then, to hear that the ravages those dogs commit on the flocks of the settlers are quite dreadful. Very watchful and well trained tame dogs, and equally watchful and clever

shepherds, are necessary to protect the poor sheep from their depredations. I remember being made very sorry by a story which a gentleman who had been long in Australia told to me, about two or three young men, who had gone out to seek their fortunes in that place as *doctors*, for they had but newly finished their course as medical students. The climate being very healthy, they found no sick people to practise upon; their money was exhausted, they knew no trade by which to gain their living; and what were they to do? They applied to this friend of mine, imploring him to give them employment of some kind, however humble, just to keep them from starvation. Nothing whatever could he think of, unless, having some great sheep-farms belonging to him, they would consent to go away to the upland pastures and tend his flock. And this they did. But little did they know the fatal enemy they had to deal with in the Australian wild dog, or Dingo. Down he came upon them every night, worrying and carrying away from fifty to a hundred sheep; and every day for several successive days they had to report to their master these woful tidings. He was most unwilling to turn off these poor young men to face misery and destitution again, but in less than a week's time, he told me, he thought he should have been utterly ruined. Hundreds of sheep disappeared, so there was nothing for it but to set these gentlemen adrift again. What became of them afterwards I

do not know; but of all living creatures you see gentlemen are the most helpless when the one thing that they can do in the world fails them."

"Poor fellows!" cried Bessie; "what a pity! One would think *any* one might be a shepherd."

"Far from it," replied her mamma; "especially in those countries where there is danger from any wild animal, it requires a double portion of training and experience to make a good shepherd. Do you remember the pretty part of the Pilgrim's Progress, about the Delectable Mountains, and the names of the shepherds there?"

"I know," cried Harry; "they were *Experience*, *Watchful*, and *Sincere*."

"Very well," said his mother; "and they were well named, for it requires all those three qualities to make a good shepherd. He must have experience to *know* the dangers which may be lurking near; he must be constantly on the *watch* against them; and he must be *sincere* in his love for his flock, that their welfare may be nearest his heart, and ready to undergo any fatigue, and expose himself to any danger for their sakes. King David, you know, had been himself a shepherd, and he knew all the care, and kindness, and watchfulness, and courage it required; which made him think himself so very safe, and feel so thoroughly cared for, when he could say, 'THE LORD is my Shepherd.'"

"In this country," said Harry, "I suppose it would be easier to be a shepherd."

"In so far as wild beasts are concerned it would," replied his mother; "but even here the sheep would be very ill off if there were no Experience, Watchful, and Sincere to look after them. I cannot tell you of all the dangers from storms and snow-drifts that flocks are exposed to among the hills. Not a great many years ago there lived a *Scottish* shepherd-poet, called James Hogg, who tended his sheep among the green hills and sweetly-flowing streams of the southern Highlands. He has written some very pretty stories of his experiences, which, if you remind me of some day, I will read to you. I have seen the shepherds on those pasture-mountains striding along, bonneted and plaided, guiding and gathering their flocks, and looking like the chieftains of a clan, with the shepherd's dog as prime minister. With all his superior reason and knowledge, very helpless would the shepherd be in discharging the duties of his government without this able assistant. Strong and active as he is, he could not scamper over heights and hollows, and search behind every rock and bush for a straggler, as the dog does with his light supple body, so made for running as almost never to tire or be worn out. What the shepherd does is to give his orders, and it is his minister's part to execute them. He has a number of different words and phrases for different things to be

done;—such as collecting the sheep all together; driving in those which are lagging behind; going up to the higher pastures, or down to the lower bottoms: and all those words the dog understands and instantly obeys, more readily and intelligently than most little boys and girls do the orders of their parents. Then, when he has done what he has been told, he goes up beside his master, wagging his tail, and looking up in his face with brown sparkling eyes, as if quite glad that he had done his duty, and that his master had cause to be satisfied with him. He knows every single sheep of his flock; and if they get mixed up with the flock of any one else, he will single them out with the greatest dexterity. In fact, to stand on one of those green hill-sides, and watch the shepherd's dog, as he is doing his master's bidding and running in different directions, according to the word of command given him, is one of the most delightful things that can be. I think you and I could stand there for a whole long summer's day, and not feel the least tired or uninterested."

"I shouldn't be," said Harry; "I should go and walk by the shepherd every day."

"And I should like to sit on the grass beside you, mamma," said Bessie, "to look and talk. Can't we go there some summer, if we can't go to the Holy Land?"

"It is possible that we may," replied her mother; "and all the more likely because that part of the country

is interesting for other reasons. I almost fear, however, that when Sunday came round, you would be very inattentive at church times."

"Why so?" inquired the children.

"Because," said their mamma, "you might be too much taken up with looking at the shepherds and their dogs, to attend properly to the sermon. Some of the congregations there are mostly made up of such."

"Why don't they leave the dogs at home?" asked Harry.

"The poor dogs are so accustomed to the society of their masters," replied Mrs. Myrtle, "that they would be very unhappy to be left at home; and, besides, it would be very difficult to do so. Dogs appear to have a most correct sense of time; and if they once imagined that they were to be subjected to such unaccustomed treatment as to be locked up, they would get out of the way, and hide until church-time came, and then the master would be sure to find the truant in his pew before him. In general, however, they behave very well; either lying quietly down, or looking intelligently in the minister's face, until the blessing comes to be pronounced. They know very well that this is the signal for dismissal, and then begin to set up a whine, and prepare for a general rush out; so that in some of the churches it is necessary that all the people should sit still, instead of rising, to hear the last short prayer.

It is said that a strange minister, once preaching in such a place, was very much astonished that the congregation did not stand at the proper time, as usual, and, thinking it proceeded from rudeness or ignorance, he suddenly stopped, and reminded them that it was highly improper not to show the usual mark of respect at the concluding part of the service. A voice from among the plaided shepherds was then heard to cry out, 'Sir, we're only *cheating the collies;*' meaning, that they were trying to make the dogs preserve their good behaviour, by deceiving them into the idea that it was not yet time to move."

"If I went there," said Harry, "I would ask a shepherd to give me a little *collie*, and take it home."

"I think that would not be very wise, Harry," replied his mother, "unless you could bring a flock of sheep too, and a place to put them in; for the shepherd's dog is so fitted by nature, or by the habits given to him and his forefathers for the life he leads, that he would not be happy in any other; and he would not be half so amusing, nor would you like him so well, as your own Nero, or a little spaniel or terrier. Wonderful as the Scotch shepherd-dog is, however, there is a dog in another part of the world which is more wonderful still, for it is dog and shepherd too."

"Oh, please tell us about that one," cried the children.

"Well, it is in South America; and there, in some

parts, the sheep-dogs are intrusted with the care of the flocks, without any master to direct them. They go out with them early in the morning of their own accord; they keep beside them all day, driving away the birds of prey that would attack the young lambs, and the wild dogs, who would come in packs and worry the sheep; and then they bring them home in the evening, taking great care by the way that none of the lambs are too tired to keep up with the flock. If they become so, and begin to lag behind, the shepherd-dog will go and fetch them, one by one, carry them gently in his mouth, until they are all quite safe in the fold, then lay himself down at the door to guard them, ready, the whole night long, to start up at the first approach of danger."

"How pretty!" cried the children.

"Yes," continued their mamma; "and, considering that it is their original nature to worry sheep, just as much as the wild dogs, it is most wonderful too. The lower appetite or propensity is quite subdued by the higher attributes of fidelity and attachment which are brought into play. The means taken to bring this about are curious. A little pup is brought, before its eyes are opened, to a female sheep, and made to suckle her several times a-day. A woolly nest is made within the sheep-pen, and the little strange foster-child laid within it, so that when it creeps out, and begins to play,

it has no other companion than the lambs of the fold, who thus become its brothers and sisters. As the animal grows up, all its feelings of faithfulness and attachment and courage are awakened for its adopted relations, and for them only; and thus its delight is to be always with them, to guard and protect them."

"Surely," said Bessie, "those are of all dogs the nicest and most useful."

"I am not quite sure," replied Mrs. Myrtle. "You will judge of that when I have told you more about others, for the varieties of dogs and their uses are far greater than those of any other animal. I rather think, however, that those which could be *least spared* in the part of the world where they live are not what you would call *the nicest*. In the countries the nearest to the pole which are inhabited by man, all round, from Kamschatka, in the eastern part of Asia, on to the country of the Esquimaux, in North America, I believe many of the tribes could not live at all without their dogs. In other places these creatures are most useful helpers to man, but there they are necessary to his very existence. When there is sickness among the dogs, and they die in great numbers, that occasions a famine, and the people die too. I must tell you how this happens. The summer in those regions is very short—only about three months—and the winter is very, very long, lasting all the rest of the year; and it is likewise terribly

severe. Well, then, in summer the people must be as busy as possible, laying up stores of fish, and flesh, and skins for clothing, and fuel for fire; or else, when the terrible winter comes, they would be at times absolutely in danger of perishing from cold and hunger. No shops are there; every one must provide food and clothes for himself. Great quantities of fish are dried, and the flesh of the reindeer and other animals is dried too; and when the hard frost comes, it makes a casing of ice, which keeps this food sweet for a long time."

"They can't have very grand dinners there."

"Not quite like the East India Company's, Harry! You wouldn't like very well to have dried fish day after day, for many weeks together, with a little bit of tough dried meat, now and then, for a change. But it is so with those poor nations, except that those who live near enough to the sea-coast have sometimes a bit of seal, or dead whale, with some of its blubber and oil, for a treat,—a greater treat to them, I suppose, than preserves or puddings are to you. So much, however, do many of these people depend for their living upon fishing alone, that they are called by the name of Fish-eating tribes (*Ichthyophagi*). In their fishing, as well as on their hunting expeditions, they have often long journeys to make, and heavy burdens to carry. Who, then, is there to drag along men, and burdens, and all, over hundreds of miles of frozen snow, in walking over which

they would soon get so worn out that they would be disposed to lie down and die? And who is to bring home fish and skins, and seal and bear flesh, and loads of fir-wood, to their huts again?"

"Haven't they got horses?" asked Harry. "Wouldn't horses do?"

"Horses could not possibly live there," said his mamma, "for they could get nothing to eat. Instead of fields of grass and corn, there is nothing but great fields of snow, with a very poor moss growing below. Horses, you know, need good feeding; how could they be supported there?"

"I think," said Bessie, "I have heard that they use reindeer instead of horses, and that the reindeer scrape away the snow with their feet, and eat the moss that they find underneath."

"To the tribes that move from place to place, and take their tents with them," replied Mrs. Myrtle, "the reindeer is invaluable; but for those who have huts, and remain in one spot, to keep herds of them is impossible, because they need fresh pastures in summer and fresh tracts of moss in winter, so that they are only suitable for wandering tribes."

"Then I can't guess what they are to do at all," said Bessie.

"I believe," continued Mrs. Myrtle, "if it were not for their dogs they would be very badly off—or rather,

there could be no settled dwellers there at all. Those dogs are able to live exactly as their masters do. Being first-rate fishers, they catch fish for themselves all summer-time; and when they return to the huts, are fed well for a while upon the heads and other refuse of what has been brought home; while, during the rest of the winter, they are able to endure pangs of hunger which would kill almost any other animal whatever. Occasionally, however, they go out upon hunting expeditions after reindeer, or bears, or seals; and these they enjoy amazingly, both on account of their great love of the chase, and because of the prospect of plenty which is before them for a time. It is these dogs which, harnessed in couples to a sledge, and having a dog which has been trained for the purpose for a leader, will draw their master, with two or three hundred pounds' weight into the bargain, over frozen snow for three or four days together, at the rate of from sixty to a hundred miles a-day."

"Is that faster than horses could go?" asked Harry.

"Very much faster," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "fifty miles a-day is thought a long journey for a couple of horses, and they would be pretty well knocked up with it, and quite unable to undertake the same again on the day following. But horses could scarcely travel half-a-dozen of miles in the country of the Kamschatkans or Esquimaux. Their bodies are too heavy and their hoofs too hard, and they would sink down into the snow, and be



AN ESQUIMAUX TRAVELLING.

unable to drag themselves on, where the dog, with his light, supple, active make, and his small pattering feet, can run so swiftly that he scarce leaves a footprint behind him."

"I wish," said Harry, "I could go on a journey with a Scatman in his sledge, with dogs to run with me at such a rate."

"That I expect you never will, Harry," said his mamma, "except it be by means of fancy's fairy ring again."

"Well, take us a fancy journey please, mamma," said Bessie. "How should we set out?"

"Before we set out, then, Bessie," said her mamma, "we shall imagine that we have been snowed up for several weeks inside a Kamschatkan hut, without having seen any light but that from a wood fire, and a small lamp fed with coarse oil. We have tried, indeed, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible before the winter began. We have had all the crannies in our walls stopped up with moss, and have plastered them with clay. A great mound of earth is raised outside as high as the ice windows, in order to keep us from being quite buried by the snow-storms when they come. We have got in a good stock of pine-wood, which is so full of resin, that when some pieces are thrown on the fire in the middle of our floor, great jets of sparks escape through the chimney, or rather hole in the top, that look outside like rockets and squibs rising suddenly out of the snow; and round this fire all the family are gathered. The men put their implements for fishing and hunting in order, and the women sew together the skins that are worn for garments; and altogether there is a kind of

rude comfort which we can manage to put up with for a while. The dogs lie burrowing in the snow outside, and every six or eight hours set up a great howling like wolves, whom, indeed, they much resemble in appearance, for the dogs in those regions are liker wolves than in any other part of the world. When the family meal is over they will come in and get their share of the remains, and then they will go out and burrow in the snow again. All this goes on pretty well for a time; but by-and-by both dogs and men get wearied of the constant snowdrift, which obscures air and sky, and glad they are when it ceases, and the moon and stars once more appear. The dogs would let it be known when the moon shines out if nothing else did, for as soon as they see her bright face they begin to howl incessantly. Then the men clear a pathway through the opening left in the earth mound, and the prisoners inside the hut go forth and look out upon the glittering white plains, the burning stars, and the dancing streamers which dart along the sky, making it almost as bright as day. It is too soon yet, however, to set forth upon a hunting journey. A good frost must come first and harden the surface of the snow, to make it fit for travelling upon. At length the important day comes when the sledge has to be got ready. I fear there is going to be some difficulty about getting the dogs all together now, however; for, rendered savage by such hunger as they could never

stand if their stomachs were not fitted to endure long fasts, they have begun to look out for themselves, and see if they cannot get upon the track of some hare, or other animal, that has wandered by. The men have very little influence in persuading them to come back, for I am sorry to say they have not been in the habit of treating them kindly. They have given them all this idle time nothing but hard words and heavy blows. But the women have fed them with all the scanty morsels they could spare. They have often patted them and spoken to them gently, calling them by those affectionate names which all dogs know so well how to respond to. And the women only will they obey. How very much does this show the great power of kindness over even dumb animals! So it is the women who must go out and try to entice these truants homewards. For this purpose they often make use of a little artifice; which is, to take with them a mitten, or kind of worsted glove, pretending to cut it with a knife as if it were a piece of meat, and then throw it forward over the snow in the direction of the hut. The dogs will run forward to pick it up, when the same thing will be repeated again and again till, bit by bit, they are drawn homewards.

"Then comes the business of harnessing. As many as six pair are put to one sledge, but the reins are fastened to the collar of the leader only. The master gets in, well wrapped up in skins, and with all the provisions he

needs for himself and a very little for his dogs, and with the spears and other things that are needed for the chase. Away they go, merrily and steadily for a time, and the master has nothing to do but sit still and enjoy the rapid motion and the keen bracing air, and look up at the merrily-dancing streamers, thinking how much better is such a life than to be cramped up in his hut, and com-



ARCTIC FOXES.

pelled to remain inactive. But presently the dogs put down their noses, as if they scented something in the snow, and the driver knows that now his troubles are going to begin. A reindeer, or an arctic fox, has passed there shortly before. The dogs smell its footsteps, and become furious to start off upon its track. If they are not well

managed, they may overturn the sledge and dash it to pieces. If the master has time, he will indulge them in going after the scent, and so procure them a good meal, while he keeps the best for himself; but if he is in a hurry to get down to the shores of the Frozen Sea for seals and bears, he must do his best to get them put off, and go steadily forward. He carries in his hand a short stick, which he flings first at this dog, now at that, and catches cleverly again, and he calls out sharply words and sentences which they all very well understand; but if it were not for the leader they would have their own way in spite of him. This leader is by far the most intelligent and obedient dog of the pack. He attends carefully to his master's directions. He refuses, on any consideration, to be turned out of the right onward path. If the others threaten to be too many for him, he will even have recourse to some trick to induce them to follow his lead. He will perhaps pretend to smell again on the ground in another direction, and then turn round suddenly and begin to bark, as if he had discovered some new scent, and the other dogs believe him, and begin to follow him readily again. But now the air suddenly darkens, and the master feels alarmed to see some large soft snow-flakes begin to fall. A storm is approaching: faster and thicker becomes the drift; and in this trackless snowy desert, without road or tree, there is very great danger of losing his way. The stars, by which he

knows how to guide his course, are no longer seen; if the leader cannot find his way to the hut, which is built at a certain distance for the shelter of travellers, all is lost; and before the sledge reaches so far, this hut is snowed up, so that no human eye can discover where it is. But by some wonderful instinct the leader has found its place; he begins scratching with his feet, while he gives a peculiar bark, and the master knows that his life is saved. He searches for an entrance, manages to dig his way in, and lights a fire with the wood which he finds lying there, and himself and his dogs rest in peace until the storm is over, and the stars again shine forth. Away then again they go without interruption until they reach the coast, where master and dogs are equally delighted to dodge about after the seals lying in holes under the ice, or the prowling bears, who are watching to get hold of those very seals in order to make a meal of them, but who have now to turn and defend themselves. Well would the dogs like to remain here altogether; but that cannot be. They have a more wearisome journey before them than when they first set out, for now they will have a load to carry of skins and blubber, and seal and bear flesh. But they have been well fed, and are in better condition, and less liable to be tempted off by a stray scent, so they make good way this time, and, to the great joy of their mistresses, reach in safety their poor huts again.

"You can now perceive why sickness and death among the dogs is looked upon as such a terrible misfortune by the Kamschatkans. I believe that about twenty years ago a terrible disease actually broke out, which carried away the greater number, and the poor people were reduced to a sad condition. The proper time passed for hunting, and they got no furs; for there were no dogs to chase the reindeer and draw the sledges, or to kill bears and seals. They were starving with cold, for they could not themselves bring in a sufficient quantity of fuel; and after travelling a-foot to distant lakes and rivers, they could get home but a very little of what had been caught. It was no wonder, then, that they did all that was possible to save some of their valuable dogs alive. There was one family which, out of a stock of twenty, had only two little blind puppies left, with no one to nurse them, their mother having died. In this dilemma the woman of the house, who was nursing a baby at the time, took the little forlorn animals to her breast, and suckled them along with her own child, and she was rewarded for her pains by seeing them grow and thrive, and afterwards become the parents of a numerous race."

"I like our fancy journey in Kamschatka very much," said Bessie; "but I rather wonder that the men don't treat their dogs well, when they find it so difficult to do without them."

"That must proceed from savage and surly temper on the part of the men themselves; and I should fear it augurs badly for the happiness of the poor women as well as that of the dogs. Such treatment has a very bad effect on the latter at least, for it renders them morose and unmanageable, though their sense of the kindness shown them by the females proves that they are capable of better things. I think you would scarcely fix upon them, Bessie, as 'the *nicest* of the dogs,' according to your own phrase. They look like wolves, they bark like wolves, and might even be mistaken for those animals tamed and domesticated, but for the great enmity that subsists between them. Wolves like the flesh of dogs better than that of any other creature, and the dogs are far more afraid of them than they are of the bears. Captain Parry tells us that when he was in the frozen seas, near the country of the Esquimaux, the wolves there kept on the watch for the dogs belonging to his ships, and were so very like them that the sailors did not always know the difference. This does not amount to a *proof*, however, that those dogs are not descended from the wolves, because we know from travellers in Asia that the wild dogs there occasionally carry off and devour the tame ones. But we have been in a great many countries, and taken very long journeys to-day; so now we must come back to our own home, and think about our dinner."

CHAPTER X.

THE HUNTING DOGS—GREYHOUNDS, STAGHOUNDS, AND BLOOD-HOUNDS.

"WHICH are the dogs that run fastest of all?" asked Harry, next day. "Are there any that go faster than the Kamschatkans—any in this country?"

"Have you never seen some," inquired his mother, "that seemed to you particularly suited for running fast?"

"Yes," was the reply; "those thin light ones, with pointed noses, that run after carriages."

"Harry means greyhounds, mamma," said Bessie.

"The spotted dogs that run after carriages are called Dalmatian dogs. But why should you think the greyhound better fitted for running than a mastiff, or a Newfoundland, like Nero?"

"Oh, because its body is not half as heavy, and not so stiff," said Bessie.

"That is partly the reason," replied Mrs. Myrtle. "If you could examine its structure you would likewise be

surprised to find how much muscle, without fat or anything not absolutely required, is packed into small bulk, so that it is wonderfully strong as well as active in proportion to its size."

"What is *muscle?*" asked Harry; "and what is the good of it?"

"I can show you that presently, at dinner time," replied his mamma. "It is the lean part of the meat that you eat; and when we examine it we shall see that it is made up of small bundles of strings and threads, the ends of which are firmly fixed into the bones, and which serve to pull them up and down, backwards and forwards. The more muscle any one has in proportion to his size, the more are his motions quick and powerful. I daresay you never thought, as you were eating, that the very flesh which serves you for food, and helps to make you strong now, was that which enabled the animal which possessed it to move, walk, run, leap, and enabled it, as it were, to *make use* of the life which was in it. A great many people, I daresay, have never noticed how beautifully God has thus served two purposes by one design or plan, in the meat which they are eating every day; how it has furnished a living creature with the means of movement and enjoyment, in a hundred different ways, for so many years; and how it is there now put to quite a different use, and in quite a different way; yet all show-

ing God's great goodness and wisdom in having given it other qualities, which fit it for the support of other living creatures."

"Have I muscle?" asked Harry.

"Surely, my dear," rejoined his mamma; "all the red flesh in you is muscle; everything *which moves of its own will* has muscle. If it were possible for any living creature to have none, it could only move by being pushed by some one or something else. Now you may perceive how the greyhound, by having a great deal of muscle packed close together and taking up little room, is both light and active. It is in chasing the hare—a little animal which is, you know, very swift of foot—that he best shows his capabilities of running. A greyhound has been known to run, when so employed, a distance of four miles in twelve minutes—a speed equal to twenty miles in an hour. That, indeed, would be a very animating sight, if it were not for the thought of the suffering it occasions to the poor little timid hare, and the death which awaits it at the end of the run. It is, of course, the smaller and lighter kinds of hounds which are used for chasing the smaller animals. The *pointer*, after he has had a good run, stops suddenly short when he sees the game, as if in a moment he were turned into stone; and the *setter* crouches down something like a cat when it is going to spring. The sportsman loves those dogs when he goes after birds,

because it gives him an opportunity for taking aim just at the moment when his dog makes its point or its set. There are other kinds of hounds, much larger and stronger, for pursuing the larger animals. Before the wolves were all killed in Ireland, there was in that country a great hound called the wolf-dog or wolf-hound, which was as tall as a colt or a little Shetland pony. It could put its nose over a man's shoulder when he was sitting upright in a chair; and without its help Ireland would have taken a much longer time to get clear of wolves and wild boars. Still there remain in Scotland a few of the same breed, although they have fallen off in size and strength, and are no longer called *wolf*-hounds, but *deer*-hounds; because, after there ceased to be any wolves for them to kill, they were kept for the purpose of chasing the red-deer which live in our mountains. When I was a little girl—less than you, Bessie—my papa used to amuse me greatly by telling me many stories of the days and weeks he had once been accustomed to spend in following the red-deer on the Highland hills. He used to track their herds and shoot them down, rifle in hand, as is done in the backwoods of America. He set forth on these expeditions accompanied only by a man-servant and a pony, who carried provisions, and were likewise meant to fetch home the body of the deer after it was shot. He brought no dog, for in this kind of stalking everything depends on the

skill of the hunter and the unerring certainty of his aim. It was necessary always to approach the herd in the opposite direction to that in which the wind blew; that is, the wind must always carry the scent from the deer to the man, and not from the man to the deer, otherwise the latter would instantly detect it and scamper off, their sense of smell being most exquisitely keen. So, dressed in the checkered tartan, which imitates as nearly as possible the brown and purple heather, and the changing hues of rock and brake, when the sun shines out or the cloud overshadows them, he would creep stealthily along, the herd continuing to graze quietly, until a single crack of the rifle would be heard, and one of their number would be stretched lifeless on the ground. Then would a fire be lighted, steaks cut from the yet warm flesh, of which master and servant would partake; after which the deer would be slung across the pony's back to be carried home, and the hunter would pursue his way alone to some distant *shieling*—that is, a little rude hut, far up the mountains, where milkmaids take shelter, sleep and eat, when the cows are driven up there for pasture. There he would sleep soundly on a bed of heather—which was *planted*, as it were, very closely together, with the bushy tops upmost—until the next morning brought back man and pony, ready to set forth on another track. When a party of people go a deer-stalking—which is the usual way—they keep hounds in

leash, in order that, when a stag is wounded without being killed, and takes to flight, they may be let slip after him, and run him down until he is brought to bay. To pursue the deer on their native hills with horse and hound, as the hunters follow the fox, although a very exciting business, is very dangerous for horses and men, and worst of all for the dogs, who then become the principal parties concerned in the chase. The deer knows perfectly every turning, every corner, every hiding-place in the mountains where he has spent his life, just as well as you know every tree and bush in our own garden and grounds. As soon as he is aware that the hounds are in pursuit of him, he sets off to the most difficult fastnesses, he leaps great precipices, he swims across the most rapid streams, in order that the dogs may break their necks, or be carried away by the force of a torrent, or, at any rate, may lose the scent. And all these things sometimes happen. Yet it is only upon a hill-side that the hound fully shows his great swiftness of foot, his power of enduring fatigue, and his wonderful lightness and muscular activity. Upon the level ground he may be equalled by a race-horse, but upon a hill-side no horse has the smallest chance with him. If it so happens that he manages to overcome all the dangers and difficulties of the chase, and if the poor stag is at length exhausted and brought to bay, then it is the duty of the hounds to surround him and keep him in that

place until the huntsman comes up, steals in behind, and despatches him with his dagger or hunting-knife."

"What do you mean by being brought to bay?" asked Harry. "I don't understand what that means."

"When the stag feels himself so tired," replied his mamma, "that he can outstrip the dogs no longer, he chooses some spot—perhaps at the foot of a precipice, or, it may be, a rocky island in the midst of a fast-rushing stream—where he can best turn and make resistance. His sides pant, his body is bathed in perspiration, and tears trickle down his cheeks. Nevertheless, despair inspires him with fury, and then he is very dangerous. He will gore with his great branching horns, trample with his hoofs, and at times he has been known to set his four feet close together, and making a great bound, to leap upon a dog's back, and break it by the force of the shock."

"Is the stag always killed in the end?" asked Bessie.

"When brought to bay the hunters are sure to come in," said Mrs. Myrtle, "and dogs and men are too many for him; but it often happens that, from his intimate acquaintance with the deepest recesses of forest and mountain, he gets clear off. It was so in that celebrated hunt of our Scottish king, James V., of which Sir Walter Scott tells the story in his poem of 'The Lady of the Lake.' Some day it will delight you to read the beautiful poetry in which he describes the mountain scenery,

and the still, deep retreat of the stag, who had baffled her pursuers."

"Oh, read it to us now, mamma!" cried Harry. "I like so much to hear pretty poetry, though I don't understand every word."

Mrs. Myrtle, after hesitating a few moments, decided on complying with Harry's request; and taking up the volume, which happened to be lying on the centre table, read part of the fourth canto of Scott's most picturesque poem.

"I should like to hear you read that every day," said Harry, drawing a long breath when she had concluded.

Mrs. Myrtle smiled. "You see," continued she, "in those days stag-hunting was a sport pursued in that fashion by nobles and kings. But like other kinds of hunting in these islands, it sometimes degenerates now-a-days into a mere pretence or make-believe. You know what a make-believe is, Bessie?"

"Oh yes, perfectly well," replied Bessie. "We often make-believe to have feasts, and Harry was making-believe to-day to have a sledge and drive the Kamschatkan dogs."

"*You know* that these are little shams or make-believes," said Mrs. Myrtle, "and you don't want anybody to think that they are anything else; but *shams*, when put in the place of the real thing, are always low and mean, and often become mischievous and cruel. Once

on a time there was a real necessity for clearing the country of wolves, and bears, and foxes. Hunting required courage and manhood, and was then a noble sport. If it is honestly pursued for the sake of the venison, we may call it a fine sport still; but what shall we say of the practice of letting a poor stag go loose,



A GROUP OF STAG-HOUNDS.

after it has endured all the fatigue and terror of the chase, in order that it may be hunted again and again, many times over! Is not that at once cowardly and cruel? But this does not render the stag-hound less beautiful or less admirable. His sagacity, indeed, is marvellous. He can hear the low bay of the deer at a surprising distance, and it is with difficulty he is then

held in. Fain would he and his companions burst their bonds and leap over crag and stream, and fly through the lone Highland valleys, in hot pursuit of their enemy. I am sorry to tell you still further, that hounds have been put to even a worse use than uselessly tormenting poor stags. There is a kind called *blood-hound*, which has derived its name from its great powers of scent in tracking the footsteps of men and animals, especially if they have been wounded and have left traces of blood upon their path. And owing to this faculty, it has been often made use of by dark and cruel men for pursuing their miserable, persecuted fellow-creatures.

"America is the country on the face of the earth which has been marked by the blackest deeds of that kind. When the Spaniards who first discovered it or made its existence known to the people of the Old World, went over there to live, and take possession of the New Continent, they found it inhabited by different nations of savages, something like the North American Indians of the present day. These people, who painted their bodies and went almost naked—like the ancient Britons when the Romans first came here, Bessie—did not like to see strangers come to take possession of their country, and deprive them of their hunting-grounds; for they lived principally by hunting. So they resisted, as any other brave people would. But you know naked savages, who have nothing but clubs, and bows and

arrows, cannot long stand before people who have swords, and daggers, and fire-arms, and are trained to use them well. So the poor Indians had to fly into the woods and try to hide themselves there. If the Spaniards had been true Christian people, who feared God and loved their fellow-creatures, they would have reasoned in this way: 'Here we have come to take possession of a country which has never been ours, and to which its own inhabitants have the best right. It is too large for them, and it is perhaps lawful for us to share it along with them; but we must endeavour with all our might to make up to them for that which we are taking away. We must teach them the arts of life which they do not know, and above all things we must give them the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ the Saviour.' But instead of reasoning in this way, the Spaniards imagined they could never enjoy their new possessions in peace until all the Indians were put to death; so they followed them into the woods with great blood-hounds, which not only tracked them out, but fastened furiously on their naked bodies, and worried and tore them to pieces. There were no dogs in America before that time, but now many of the descendants of these blood-hounds have become wild there, and many of them are still in the service of inhuman men who use them for the same dark and bloody purpose. In some States of America poor black negroes brought over from Africa,

their native country, are kept as slaves. They do all the work for the white people within doors and out in the fields, and yet get no wages, but belong entirely to their masters, who can sell them when they please just like their horses and cows. When those poor creatures are hardly used and cruelly beaten, it is no wonder that they try to make their escape—sometimes hiding in swamps and tangled thickets—sometimes trying to get away to a free country. Then it is that the blood-hounds are employed to find them out, and recapture them. I think, Bessie, you and I would like to hide our faces from what follows. Neither of us would like to look at the wretched slave torn by the blood-hounds, or subjected to tortures from his cruel master, worse than the most savage animal could inflict. The soil of America is everywhere polluted with the trail of the slave and the blood-hound; but we cannot blame the latter, because, I believe, he is gentle and affectionate to his friends, and only fierce when doing his master's bidding, in a service the nature of which he does not know."

"Are the Americans the worst people in the world, mamma?" asked Harry.

"By no means, my love," said Mrs. Myrtle, smiling; "they are among the best people in the world."

"Well then," said Bessie, responding rather indignantly to Harry's sentiment, "I am sure no one in this country would be allowed to have a slave, or go

after *any one* with a blood-hound to tear them in pieces."

"That is certainly a worse state of things," replied her mother, "than has ever prevailed here, although blood-hounds were employed in Britain in former times more largely than you have any idea of. Everywhere, my child, throughout the world, beginning with our own hearts, God and the devil, the powers of good and evil, of light and darkness, are at war, contending who shall be the strongest. In America there are multitudes of noble people who would fain have every human being, black and white, be free to become as good and great as their nature is capable of, and who are striving hard for God and the right. There are many, many too, alas! who give themselves up without restraint to the power of those dark passions by which the prince of darkness rules in the world. A number are there, likewise, as everywhere, who patch together fig-leaves of reasons to hide the naked shame of their wrong-doing and wrong-thinking. They say they have been born to that state of things, and they can't help it, and it would be dangerous to alter it. All *truly* noble people consider whether a thing is right or wrong in itself, and *then* they consider how to bring circumstances into harmony with the right in the best way possible. But I daresay you hardly understand me. You can understand, however, that we ought to wish and pray that God and the

right may prevail, and that those who are fighting on the right side may prove the strongest in the end, as we have cause to feel thankful that in the matter of slavery they have already done in our country.* But I think we owe Harry a story for these reflections which he does not comprehend. And it shall be about Robert the Bruce and the blood-hound.

"Robert the Bruce, the gallant hero-king of Scotland, had at one time a blood-hound, of which he was extremely fond. For a long time he made him his constant companion, caressed and fed him with his own hand; and so much did the hound love his noble master in return, that he followed his footsteps everywhere, and never felt happy except by his side. Those were the days, I daresay, when the Bruce was only Lord of Carrick, and before he had begun the troublesome business of fighting for a kingdom. How it came to pass we do not know, but his mortal enemy, John of Lorn, who sided with the English, and hated Bruce for having killed a friend of his, got possession of this same hound, and by its means made the Bruce run a narrower risk of losing his life than he ever did in all his many troubles and escapes. At one time he found himself hemmed in between two parties of his enemies; the

* Since these pages were originally written, the American civil war has been brought to a glorious end, and slavery no longer exists in the United States.

English general being before him in the plain, with an army arrayed in order of battle, and John of Lorn coming in behind with eight hundred men, while he himself had in all only three hundred. So the Bruce saw that he could not then fight—although, if there had been only three to one against him, he would not have much minded. He divided his men into three parties, and bade them each to shift for themselves as they best could. Immediately John of Lorn, who was aware of this movement, set the hound upon the scent, to find out with which party the king had gone. The latter, finding himself thus pursued, divided the hundred men who were now with him again into three parties, which again separated, and took different routes. But the poor faithful hound, little knowing that he was betraying his beloved master to destruction, still unerringly followed upon his track. 'Now,' said the Bruce, 'it is necessary that we part from each other, and every one singly take care of himself. As for me, I will take my foster-brother with me, and we shall abide whatever fortune God may send.' But this plan succeeded as badly as the former ones. Still did the hound, without a moment's hesitation, follow upon the track of his master, which, when John of Lorn saw, he chose out five of the best men and fastest runners of his company, and bade them overtake the Bruce, and by no means allow him to escape. So these five came up to the king, who with his own

hand slew four, while his foster-brother killed the fifth. He cared for them very little. It was the hound that he feared, who being still with the large company, might bring them all presently upon him; and though he could overcome five men, he of course could not manage more than five hundred. For all this, the poor king was now so overcome with weariness, through long foot-travel and fatigue of fighting, and heaviness of spirit, that he was upon the point of giving all up, and sat him down in the wood, saying he could go no further. Then it was that a few kind words timely spoken saved a great king and a kingdom. His poor foster-brother bade him take heart, put him in mind of what was at stake, and of all that hung upon his single life, and persuaded him just to make one effort more. Up then the wearied warrior rose, and once more continued his way. But still the baying of the hound was borne nearer and nearer upon his ear;—if some way could not be found of putting him off that fatal scent, escape was impossible. But God's providence now interposed. Just at that spot was a stream, which came brattling through the wood clear and fast. 'I have heard,' said the Bruce, 'that if one wade for a bow-shot through a running water, it will put a hound off the track, for the scent will not lie.' So his foster-brother and himself waded knee-deep with the current for a hundred yards or so, and afterwards plunged into the wood again. When John of Lorn came

up with his large company to the place where his five men lay dead, he got into a dreadful fury, but said that presently he must have his revenge, for he knew that the king was not far off. Just then they came to the running water, and, lo! the hound for the first time began to waver—he smelt backwards and forwards, as if he did not know which way to go, and John of Lorn perceived that all his trouble had been in vain, and that he had best return whence he came. So it was, that at this time, through God's mercy, Bruce and Scotland were saved."

"What a nice story!" cried Harry; "I like that one better than any you have told us."

"But I don't like that John of Lorn," said Bessie. "It was shocking of him to go after King Robert with a blood-hound."

"We must not think of him too harshly," said Mrs. Myrtle, "for it was only doing according to the custom of the times. In those days all great lords and barons kept blood-hounds in their castles, for the purpose of following fugitives after a battle. It is said that the Earl of Essex, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, had no less than *eight hundred* of them in his army! They were likewise used for pursuing thieves, and persons who carried away deer and cattle—then a common crime. There were no railways or telegraphs then, and I dare-say few good roads, so people had to make use of such

means as they had in their power. But as for using them in war, I hope there is no fear that a nation so brave and generous as the British will ever do that again. Nations, like persons, who have the true light from heaven, grow wiser and better as they grow older. It is much pleasanter to think of the dog in his domestic relations to man; to think of him as our faithful companion, our attached servant, our guide, sometimes our defender, and, when life's brief dream is over, our mourner! I have given you a picture of the dog in war, in which you saw him cruel, and vindictive, and bloodthirsty, because men had made him so. Let me now contrast it with another warlike scene, which will excite very different emotions. Image to yourselves, if you can, the horrors of the battle-field when the rage of the battle has been spent, and all the plain is covered with the dead and the dying, with broken swords, and useless muskets, and dismounted cannon. Then think of a soldier's faithful dog, as has often been the case, quitting the empty tent and wandering over the field in quest of his master; wandering all through the silent night; passing from heap to heap of the slain or wounded, and from corpse to corpse, until he finds at length the clay-cold body which a few hours before was throbbing with life! By its side he stations himself, filling the air with his melancholy lamentation, and defending it from bird or beast of prey, and never quitting it until it is interred



THE FAITHFUL MOURNER.

in a hasty grave. Nor can he always be persuaded to leave the spot even then; his affection, truly, is triumphant over death. But of this feature in the dog's character I will speak another time. Our conversation has already been prolonged beyond our usual limits. We have not got over many kinds of dogs to-day, because we have been delayed by the stories, but *to-morrow* we shall see."

"You are like the Sultana in the Arabian Nights, mamma," said Bessie, "who told stories to keep her head from being cut off, and always ended by talking of the next day and *to-morrow*."

"I wish I were half as amusing, Bessie, as the Sul-

tana," replied her mamma, laughing. "We must try, however, and not leave all ingenuities in story-telling to ladies who are in danger of getting their heads cut off; and love ought to be as good a motive as fear."

So saying, Mrs. Myrtle put an arm round the neck of each of her little people, and with them left the room.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOG AS MAN'S FRIEND.

"I HAVE read the last story you told us before, mamma," said Bessie, when "to-morrow" had come round, "but I did not know it was affection that made the hound follow Robert the Bruce."

"The old writer called Barbour, who tells us the history of King Robert, says so," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "and it seems plain that nothing but recognizing the footsteps of its master would have always led it of its own accord to follow his path. If affection has a memory of its own, I believe it is not so strong in any living creature —not often in man himself—as it is in the dog. We think it surprising that a lion or a wolf should pine away and die for the sake of his friend, but in the dog it is a matter of such common occurrence that it ceases to be a wonder. The time that he will stay beside the grave, as faithful in his grief as an orphan daughter or a bereaved sister, or watch over the insensible remains of his master, is truly marvellous. In Lisle, a town of France, a

poor dog once remained so long upon the grave where his master had been buried that the people of the place



WATCHING AT HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

took pity upon him, built him a little house on the spot where he lay, and brought him his food there, and there he remained till he died."

"If I had been there, I would have brought him some food," said Bessie.

"That I am sure you would," replied her mamma. "But there was another dog who stayed and watched beside his master's body for three months, in so lonely a spot that during all the time not a human being passed that way, and it is difficult to know how the poor ani-

mal got food enough to keep himself alive. This was the way it came to pass: A gentleman from Manchester was at one time on a visit to those beautiful lakes in the north of England, which are situated in the midst of mountains, very lonely, green, and wild. He loved the scenery there so much that he used to pay a visit to it every year, accompanied by no one but his faithful dog; and wandering among the hills and lakes, he got his mind rested and his body strengthened, after the hurry and bustle of city life. While thus employed, night once came on while he was yet in some of these distant solitudes which he had probably never visited before, or he would have better known his way homewards; for a steep precipice lay before him, and deceived by the darkness and by the mist, which lies thickest in hollow places among the hills, he stepped directly over, and fell headlong to the bottom. There his dead body would probably have lain till it crumbled into dust, and no earthly friend would have known what his end had been, if the dog had not found his way somehow to the spot where his dead master lay. It was in a narrow space between the precipice and a very small mountain lake called *a tarn*, and where a cave in the face of the rock formed a deep hollow, where leaves and fern made a natural grave. Three long months afterwards a shepherd came past searching for a stray sheep, when he heard a strange whining cry, and then from the fern a

poor starved-looking dog crept out, making a piteous moan. The shepherd followed it as it led him slowly on, looking upwards in his face, to the place where lay the blackened corpse, now withered into a skeleton. He had heard of the disappearance of the stranger three months before; he looked upwards at the precipice, and down at the skeleton, and at the dog, which was almost a skeleton too, and understood how it all must have been. Yes, proof was plain that since the day on which the traveller had died, the dog had watched about the spot, or by his master's side.

> "'How nourished here through such long time,
> *He* knows who gave that love sublime;
> And gave that strength of feeling great
> Above all human estimate.'

These lines are by a poet named Wordsworth, who lived among these very mountains, and who has turned this affecting story into verse, which you, Bessie, may learn if you like."

"And I too, mamma; may *I* not?" said Harry.

"No, my love," replied his mamma; "you can listen to Bessie learning and repeating it, and perhaps some lines may cling to your memory. When you are two or three years older, you will see the meaning and understand the beauty of the poetry better. Then you will take it into your mind without difficulty or pain, which it would be sure to cost you at present; and then

you will recollect the story you heard so long before, and whenever you repeat these verses, to the end of your life you will think of this room where you first heard their history, and of your mother who told it to you with her arm around you, as it is just now. A little pain would spoil all that." So saying, Mrs. Myrtle kissed her little boy, who turned his face on her shoulder, as much as to say, "Yes, mamma, I will not forget."

"What kind of dog *was* that?" inquired Bessie.

"We are not told," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "but I truly think it should have had its portrait taken, and I for one would not grudge it a frame. A French gamekeeper once said of two dogs who had achieved a wonderful deliverance for a companion of theirs, 'If I had these two dogs, I should have them framed.'"

"Oh, tell us that story, mamma," said Bessie.

"No," replied her mamma, "I shall not tell it you. I might easily tell you a hundred such, but then you would remember them all so indistinctly that you would have little pleasure in thinking of any. By-and-by, when your memory becomes stronger, you may seek them out, and read them for yourself."

"Are we not to have any more stories, then?" cried Bessie, rather disconcerted.

"Certainly," replied her mother. "I only mean that I shall decide which are most suitable for you, and

which will convey to you the greatest amount of knowledge in the easiest way. The variety and number of those stories render it difficult for any one to choose, just as from a posy of sweet flowers we find it almost impossible to select the fairest. Then, again, there is a very great difference in tastes. Some like the romantic story, some the domestic; some have a fondness for the ridiculous, others for the sentimental. Now I might tell you of the dog which was sent daily to the butcher, with a note desiring the butcher to supply him with a certain quantity of food. Taking notice that he always received his meat in return for the written paper, the sagacious fellow one day thought he would obtain an extra meal, and picking up a piece of paper in the street, off he went with it to his usual purveyor. I daresay he was much surprised to find that one piece of paper was not so good as another."

"If I had been the butcher," said Bessie, "I should have given him something as a reward for his cleverness."

"His dishonesty, you mean," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "he had received his daily allowance, and could not have got a second without defrauding his master. There is a French story about a dog which is equally amusing, though, like the former, it shows that our four-footed friends are not strictly honourable. In Paris, as in London and other great cities, there are institutions for

supplying the poor with soup gratuitously. At one of these places each individual, up to a certain number, was provided with a dinner daily, on ringing a bell; the person who served the dinner handing it through a small opening, without seeing the poor man who received it. This circumstance was duly noted by a dog that waited about the place for any scrap that might be flung to him by a charitable hand, and he seems to have resolved to avail himself of it. For one day, when all the paupers were gone, he reached up, seized the bell-



TAKING HIS TURN.

rope with his teeth, and rang a lusty peal. Immediately a good dinner was thrust through the opening, and he

partook of it to his great satisfaction. This trick he repeated several days before it was detected, and its ingenuity attracted so much admiration that the donors of the dinner, like Bessie, thought it ought to be rewarded. They ordered, therefore, that he should thenceforth take his turn with the paupers, and receive a regular allowance.

"I have heard of a dog, a Newfoundland, whose master worked at a considerable distance from his own house, and the nights in the gloomy northern island where he lived being of extreme darkness for a great part of the year, his dog was trained to carry a lantern for him,



THE TRUSTY MESSENGER.

and fetch him at a certain hour. If he could not find his master at one house he would go to another, scratch-

ing at the door, and barking; and if any one came to the door, and said, "Your master is not here, Carlo," he would give a short dissatisfied growl, and continue his search until he was at length successful.

"What a brave fellow!" cried Harry; "I should like just such a dog for my companion! What tricks I would teach him!"



A HIGHLAND SCENE.

"Like the peasant boys in the Highlands," said his mamma, "who spend a great part of the year with no other living beings by them but their faithful dogs. They leave their cottages early in the morning, and go far, far away, over the lonely hills and heather-blooming moors, looking after the sheep, amusing their leisure by

setting traps for birds, and dividing their simple dinner with their affectionate attendants. These Highland dogs acquire an extraordinary sagacity, and will track their way over the mountains, with unerring accuracy, even in heavy snow-storms, when their masters are unable to recognize the path. The snow-storm reminds me of a region where snow and ice are perpetual, and I think we will travel—in imagination, that is—in quest of another kind of dog, to the convent of St. Bernard, in the high Alps, between Switzerland and Italy."

"What is a convent?" asked Harry.

"I am afraid, Harry, you would think a convent a very dull, melancholy sort of place," replied his mamma. "There are people called Roman Catholics, who believe in Christ, but who do not take the rule of their life from God's Word, but from their priests, and from their chief priest, who is called *the Pope*. As these priests are only men like others, and it does not do to put them in the place of God, their people have been led by them into believing many things which are very wrong and very foolish. Among other things, they have taught them that men can worship God best when gathered a number together in one large house or building, to remain there for their whole life, where they will have little to do but to repeat Latin prayers and sing psalms: and the further away from the world this building is placed, that it may be out of the reach of amusement and

the means of acquiring knowledge, the better. When the men in any of those buildings have a good work set them to do, that helps to keep them out of harm, showing that men were made to labour and not to be idle; but sometimes, on the contrary, they become very wicked—just as would happen to you, Harry, if I shut you up in a room without either work or play, and told you you must never see your mother or sisters any more, and that you must do nothing but sing psalms all day, and repeat prayers out of a book, to make you good. What would happen, do you think?"

Harry considered for a little, and then said, "Indeed, mamma, I don't think I *would* be good. I should feel dreadfully wicked in my heart, and not love God at all; and I think I should begin to spoil all the things in the room I could get at. I am quite sure that would not be the way to make me good."

"And after a while," continued his mamma, "when you got tired of mischief, you might become very stupid, and would probably eat and sleep as much as you possibly could, in order to pass the time. Well, just so it has happened to many of those poor *monks*, as they are called. In some buildings they became very wicked, and in others they got stupid and lazy. But the convent of St. Bernard is one in which a good work for their fellow-creatures was given them to do, and that has helped to keep them kind and simple. Far, far up



MONKS AND DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

the Great St. Bernard, one of those high mountains of the Alps which are covered with almost perpetual snow, is this convent situated. There the terrible avalanches often fall into the plains below, and the hollow places of the mountains, with a noise like thunder. These are great masses of snow, which hang so loosely on the sides

of the mountains that the slightest sound which causes the air to tremble, and so give them a little shake, will make them slip downwards; and the traveller has often to hold in his very breath, lest they should come tumbling down and bury him in a deep snowy grave. Then, in these same mountains, snow-storms come on so thick that the eyes are blinded, while the passes become so blocked up that it is almost impossible to find them out. Supposing you were taking a journey across the Alps from Switzerland into Italy, and that such a storm came on, and the night was drawing near, while you were weary with travelling and nearly perishing with cold, what would you do?"

"I would look for the convent of St. Bernard," said Harry.

"Ah, but you are hemmed in with rocks on all sides, and the road is every moment becoming more blocked up, and by-and-by every trace of it will disappear."

"I should just lay down and die," said Bessie.

"That is what many have done," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "and you would be all the more disposed to do so, because the excessive cold would make you feel overcome with sleep. The whole of your body would begin to feel numb, as your foot does when you complain that *it is asleep*, and soon you would be quite unable to proceed any further. Well, suppose that at the very moment you were about to give up in despair you heard

the deep bark of a dog coming nearer and nearer amid the darkness and snow-drift, would not that be the sweetest sound you ever heard in your life? And how thankful you would be if, while yet able to hold on for a little, you perceived a couple of large noble-looking dogs coming up to you, one having a flask of spirits tied to his neck, and the other carrying a cloak to wrap around you. Would you not for one moment believe that you saw the guardian spirits of the mountains in a brute form? How eagerly you would untie the flask with your trembling hands, and drink! and how gratefully wrap the cloak around you! While the dogs, delighted with their success, and looking up at you with happy intelligence, would place themselves one on either side, take a piece of the cloak in their teeth, and so pull you along to the convent."

"But what if I had already lain down," said Bessie, "and could see or hear nothing?"

"Then the dogs would be quite aware of your situation, and would hasten back to fetch the monks, who would speedily accompany them to the spot, carry you to the convent, and have you rubbed and warmed till the life-blood began to circulate again, and you awoke to know that you were saved. Even were you buried in the snow, these noble animals would know, by their keen sense of smell, exactly where you lay; they would scrape with their feet until your body was un-

covered, and would bark loudly, endeavouring to make themselves heard, and if they did not succeed would run for assistance as fast as possible. One dog saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who would have perished without his assistance, and wore a medal round his neck which was given him in honour of his deeds. I shall tell you the manner in which he met with his death. It is an interesting and affecting little story.

"At the foot of the mountain of St. Bernard is situated the little village of St. Pierre, and there dwelt, among others, a poor courier, who was accustomed to carry letters and messages across the mountain into Piedmont, the part of Italy which lies at the other side of the Alps. This was the way in which he procured bread for his wife and children, whom he fondly and passionately loved. At one time, when he was on his way back to his home, it happened that one of the most terrible storms came on which was ever known in these regions. With great difficulty he made his way to the convent, and there the kind monks did all they could to persuade him to remain until the storm had passed away. The desire of seeing his beloved family prevailed over all the dictates of prudence. He thought they must make themselves miserable by imagining that he had perished in the storm; and this indeed was the truth. At that very moment they were setting out in quest of him, and were toiling up the mountain's steep

slippery sides. The poor man's heart told him he must proceed, and the monks spoke to him in vain. All they could do was to furnish him with two guides, attended by two dogs, one of which was the valuable animal who wore the medal. But the courier and his family never met. Those hearts which loved each other so much were never pressed together again. Two avalanches—two great masses of frozen snow—were just then trembling to their fall. A crackling sound was heard: then a crash like thunder, when it bursts directly over our heads—and courier, wife, children, guides, and dogs, were alike buried under the eternal snows."

"How very sad," said Bessie; "but I hope they all went to heaven together!"

"The *dogs* couldn't," said Harry, mournfully.

"But," continued Bessie, "*that* dog deserved to have his picture taken, and to be remembered for ever in this world."

"So he has, and so he will be," replied her mother. "I can show you a print of him, with a little boy upon his back, whom he found alive beside his dead mother. The animal, faithful and sagacious as ever, succeeded in getting the boy to mount on his back, and carried him in triumph to the convent."

"Mamma," said Bessie, "I wish you would give me that print. I would ask papa to give me a little frame

for it. I would hang it up in the nursery, and look at it every day."

"You shall have it," replied her mamma; "but every day when you look at it you must endeavour to think in this manner: That dumb animal lived only to do kind and noble deeds. Every day he brought help to the perishing body of some one. God expects me to be better and nobler than he, because He has given me a soul. How is it possible for me to be so? I must do what I can every day to minister to the bodily wants of those around me; for I too have a body to be cared for, with all its wants and weaknesses. But I must try also what I can do for their *souls*. In *this* I may be better and nobler than the brave and faithful dog. Will you try to think thus?"

"Yes, mamma, I will," said Bessie. "Only write down what you have said, that I may read it often over."

"I shall do so, my child," said Mrs. Myrtle; "in the meantime you can think about it until to-morrow, and I too shall think of some other things to tell you then."

CHAPTER XII.

SOME OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GREAT DOG FAMILY.

"WELL, where did we leave off?" said Mrs. Myrtle, the next time she met her children in the drawing-room.

"Oh, about the dogs of St. Bernard's," cried they; "we shall not forget *them* at least. But you did not tell us *what kind* of dog they belong to."

"I believe no particular kind," said Mrs. Myrtle. "The monks just choose any that are sufficiently strong and large, and that are remarkable for good nature and sagacity. They are trained by them to their special work. It is a curious instance of what the dog may be brought to by careful training, that, in the theatres of Paris, plays have been represented in which dogs acted the parts of the dogs of St. Bernard's; went out upon their search with the cloak and flask, and pretended to scrape away the snow with their feet to get at the body of some one underneath; and, in short, went through

the whole affair as gravely and creditably as any actor."

"How funny!" exclaimed the children.

"The French," continued their mamma, "have excelled in the training of dogs. They used to have an establishment of Newfoundlanders on the Seine, for the express purpose of saving drowning people. You know what Newfoundland dogs are, and where they come from?"

"Yes," said Bessie; "they come from Newfoundland, an island near the coast of North America, and they are very fond of the water. Our Nero, that we make go into the sea after stones every day, is one."

"And have you ever observed Nero's feet?" asked Mrs. Myrtle. "They are half webbed—that is, they have pieces of skin between each of the toes like a duck's, only not to come out so far. It seems as if God had expressly intended that the courage and the disposition to save life with which dogs are endowed should be turned to account, in one race of them at least, in behalf of people who go upon the water; and He has thus given them webbed feet that they may swim the better. You see that they naturally plunge after anything that has been thrown in, though it should be only a stone; and when that instinct is joined to their strong desire to guard and save the life of man, it renders them invaluable. A gentleman who, having gone out

too far into the water while bathing, was very near being drowned, and who owed his life to a Newfoundland dog that dashed in after him and brought him to shore, used every year, on the same day of the year, to give a dinner to his friends, when the dog was seated at table, and had good beef steaks put upon his plate for *his* share of the feast. The gentleman, whose name was Mr. Philips, had likewise a picture drawn, which represented the scene of his danger, and his brave deliverer bearing him through the waves. This picture was worked into all his table-cloths and table-napkins, with the words below in Latin, 'He rescued a man from the sea.'"

"When I am big enough to swim," said Harry, "I shall never go into the water without Nero."

"Very right," said his mamma; "only, you must not allow him to play with you while bathing, for, not knowing that the water is not as much your element as his, he might drag you down in his gambols with his great paws, and keep you under till your breath was gone. Such things have happened."

"There is more use in a Newfoundland dog," remarked Bessie, "than to go into the water. Our Nero guards the house. Doesn't he, mamma?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Myrtle; "he is nearly as good for that as a mastiff, though the mastiff seems to be the kind of dog most strongly endowed with the instinct of

fighting in defence of his master's property. In Newfoundland, the dogs of the country are made very useful in drawing little carts full of fish, and other things. There is a great cod fishery there. Large numbers are dried and sent to this country, and the dogs help to draw loads of fish up from the beach."

"Then they are like the Kamschatkans," remarked Bessie.

"No," said Mrs. Myrtle, "there is a difference; because, being much weaker in the hind quarters, they could never make such long journeys, neither can they pull such heavy loads."

"Is the Newfoundland or mastiff the best for taking care of the house at night?" asked Harry.

"The Newfoundland, the terrier, and the little spaniel are all good," said Mrs. Myrtle, "so far as watchfulness is concerned. They will bark and give the alarm when they hear any strange noise, and when any suspicious person comes near; but if I had valuable property to guard where there was no one at hand to be roused, I would set the mastiff in charge of it, because his structure and his instincts are both expressly fitted for this very purpose. He has got a short, broad head, and immensely strong jaws and teeth, so that—something like those of the hyæna—they never let go anything which they have once determinedly seized. His limbs are thick, and have very powerful muscles. He is not



A GROUP OF DOGS.

playful like other dogs, but looks grave and sad, as if he had an important duty to perform, and was always thinking about it. You may see him at rest in the barn or the stable, lying contentedly down with his

companions, or sitting with folded paws and scrutinizing eyes, thinking of—ay, what *do* dogs think of? At all events, he looks so peaceable and good-tempered on such occasions, that you would never give him credit for energy or spirit. Indeed, it is seldom that he condescends to revenge any personal insult. It is only



AT HOME AND AT REST.

when defending his master's person or property that he shows all his courage and ferocity. If you only *pretend* to strike the master of a true mastiff in his presence, you will probably make him an enemy for life, and it will never be safe for you to go near him again. Then, although he is gentle and easy-tempered in the day-

time, when he feels he has nothing to do, he often becomes most fierce and dangerous at night; and, if he is left in charge of a workshop or factory, he will suffer no one to approach. Often have I thought that, if honesty and disinterested fidelity and affection were to disappear from among men, they would still be visible in the faithful dog, since God has as it were *stereotyped* these qualities in his nature."

"Oh, dear," cried Bessie, "what a long word! What *does* it mean?"

"I cannot explain to you what it means *exactly*," said Mrs. Myrtle, "unless I were to take you to a printing office, which some day I may possibly do; but, in a general sense, it means that certain things are set up and *fixed*, so that they are not ready to be moved or shifted about. It has been said that in certain countries men have ceased to value honesty and truth in each other, and think only of how to make money and enjoy their pleasures. If this were ever so true, they would still be reminded by the poor dumb animal, whom God has so richly endowed, that such things *were*, and they cannot choose but love, value, and admire."

"I suppose," said Harry, who had been thinking about the mastiff, not listening to the latter part of what his mamma was saying, "I suppose I may always pat a mastiff in the day-time, and he will not hurt me?"

"Generally," said Mrs. Myrtle; "but you must take

care and not make a mistake, by patting a bull-dog instead. They are somewhat like, only the bull-dog, although smaller, is still stronger, especially in his jaws, the power of which is dreadful. He used to be kept for bull-baiting, or fighting with bulls in an enclosed place, great crowds of people looking on. I am happy to say that this barbarous amusement is no longer permitted in this country, although in Spain it is still quite common, and even the Queen goes to see it. The bull-dog approaches nearer to a savage wild beast than any other kind of dog whatever, for he will attack without the least provocation, and would worry and tear you to pieces in a short time. He has neither the intelligence nor affectionateness of most other animals of his species —I mean that he is more stupid, and does not love the persons he lives with so much. We could scarcely find a greater contrast to the bull-dog than the *next* variety we shall talk about—the sagacious and affectionate terrier."

"Are not those the little, rough, ugly dogs that we often see with gentlemen and ladies?" asked Bessie.

"Yes," said Mrs. Myrtle; "you are almost sure to see them with gentlemen and ladies, because they are too valuable to be allowed to stray about without owners, and they fetch a good price. They are not, however, always rough. The Scotch terrier and the Isle of Skye terrier are so; but the English terrier is smooth."

"What is the use of them?" asked Bessie. "I think them ugly little things."

"Their principal use, as hunting dogs," said her mother, "is to go into holes after foxes, badgers, otters, and other animals that burrow in the earth. They are excellent for catching rats, and I believe there is one at this moment in your papa's office which is a first-rate mouser. It keeps the premises as free of mice as any cat could do, only it never eats them. He is a clever



THE FAITHFUL PAGE.

fellow, as you know; and I often smile to see him marching home with your papa, when he is allowed to pay us a visit, carrying papa's umbrella in his mouth with indescribable gravity! I believe if we had one in

the house, Bessie, you would become extremely fond of it, notwithstanding what you say of its ugliness. It would run about and play with you all day, watching your eye to see what you would have it to do; and if you were away from home for a time, it would greet your return with a joy and delight such as few human beings are capable of. It seems to unite in itself the good qualities of every race of dog—the greatest intelligence, the deepest affection and devotion, with a high courage; which is, however, generally overlooked in its character, but which nevertheless exists, for it will not only attack and vanquish the otter—which is a most formidable enemy, and its bites terribly severe—but in India it is well known that it will lay hold of the panther, which even the bull-dog fears to face. The only other dog which resembles it in intelligence and affection is the *spaniel*, which, I fancy, we may call, above all others, the *ladies'* dog."

"Isn't that a spaniel that Fanny Mowbray has?" inquired Bessie; "that she is always carrying in her arms? I am sure, mamma, that is the *very* prettiest of all the dogs. What lovely silken hair it has! What large soft eyes! What long velvet ears, hanging down like a lady's curls! And such sweet tiny paws!"

"Ah, Bessie," said her mamma, laughing; "I see you would be as much disposed to make a pet of a spaniel as Miss Fanny Mowbray; but for that very reason you

ought not to have one. I have seen Miss Fanny lie on the sofa, with her spaniel in her arms, lavishing upon it kisses and caresses, while her baby brother lay crying in his cradle,—nurse and mother out of the way, and she did not trouble to take him up. And her little sister has fallen and screamed with the pain of the hurt, and Miss Fanny would not get up to see what was the matter. We should never give the first place in our affections to anything which God has not intended to have it; or else other and better things will be pushed out of their proper place. I like to see children kind to dogs and cats, and all other animals, but I should not at all like to see you a Fanny Mowbray. Yet, that same disposition, once begun to be indulged, is easily fostered till it grows into something most selfish and contemptible. I readily grant, however, that if any brute creature were worthy of so much devotion, it is the terrier or the spaniel; because *they give* a great deal more than they ought ever to have in return, or, indeed, than it is possible for them to have from a human being. They not only love their master and mistress, but anything which they have worn or touched; and you know we can do no more by one to whom we have given our heart's deepest affection. It is told of a poor little dying spaniel, that she went in the night-time into a closet where her mistress' gown was hung up, managed to pull it down with her teeth, and then laid herself upon it to die!"

"Are spaniels good for anything but to be petted?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said his mamma; "they are of use to the sportsman. There is a kind, in especial, called the water-spaniel, which goes after water-fowl, among fens and marshes. The poet Cowper's dog, *Beau*, was of this description—he, you know, Bessie, who went in so readily to fetch the water-lily that he saw his master attempting to seize in vain. Do you remember the last verse? It contains the highest and best lesson that I could teach you from what we have been talking about, and teaches it in a much prettier manner than I should be able to do.

'But chief *myself* I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To *Him* who gives me all.'

"We must now have done with the varieties of dogs, and the anecdotes about them; but to-morrow we shall talk a little about the race in general."

"*Always to-morrow*, mamma!" said Bessie.

"Ah, yes, Bessie, *always to-morrow* till to-morrow for us ceases to be!"



CHAPTER XIII.

SOMETHING PHILOSOPHICAL.

"BESSIE tells me," said Marjory Myrtle, coming into the drawing-room next day at the usual hour for conversation, "that you have finished with cats and dogs, and are to have a talk about them in general;—so, as I suppose it is to be something philosophical, I am come to help."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied her mother; "we shall be most happy to have the benefit of your remarks, only I am afraid we shall presently get beyond the depth of the little ones. Well, Bessie, what do you think of cats and dogs on the whole, now that we have talked over a good number of them?"

"I like pussies and lions better than wolves and jackals," said Bessie; "but I like the dog itself best of all. It seems less like a beast, and more like a good person."

"You ought to say," said Marjory, with mock gravity,

"that its instincts are less animal and more of the emotional kind."

"Come, Marjory," cried her mother, "no nonsense, or I must call Arthur to help me to keep you in order."

"Then here he comes," said Marjory. "Arthur! mamma objects to my saying that the dog's instincts are of the emotional kind!"

"Is it not very strange," said Arthur, gravely, "that *it should be possible* for emotion to become an instinct?"

"It is *very* strange," replied Mrs. Myrtle.

"Then why do we call it instinct?" he rejoined. "Why should it be mere instinct in a dog, and emotion, or some other fine name, in a human being?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Myrtle, "it is because the dog has no sense of right and wrong connected with it, and consequently *no choice.* You love your friends and your fellow-creatures, and you encourage the feeling because you know it is right, and that God has commanded it. You love likewise in various degrees, and your affection is founded on certain qualities which win your approbation, so that you can render a reason for it. Our fondest and deepest affection does indeed resemble most nearly that of the dog in its *outward manifestations;* and yet how different it is!—on how much wider a basis is it set! I love the book, the flower, the piece of work which the dear hand of a friend has touched; but I recall his eye, his smile, and all the beaming affection, all

the nobleness and sweetness of which these were the expression. The dog, too, loves the gloves or the coat which have been his master's. It may give some pleasure to his faithful heart to die on the gown which his mistress has worn; but he never thinks of rendering a reason;—he cannot choose but love."

"And we, too, dearest mother," said Marjory, looking archly into her mother's face. "Is it not true that we, too, sometimes *cannot choose but love?*"

"Yes, Puss," said her mother, "it is quite true. Man has a large basis in his constitution of the same natural affections as the lower animals, and without them his reason alone would make but very poor work. There is a singularity about the dog's highest sentiment, however. Men are friendly, honest, kind towards each other. The curious thing about the dog is that he should be so almost exclusively towards man, who is his lord and master. I have heard of dogs doing kind things towards each other, but that is far from an every-day occurrence."

"I fancy the every-day occurrence," said Marjory, "is that they bark and bite, and take great delight in doing it, according to the hymn!"

"Doesn't that put one in mind," said Arthur, "of what we were saying about the cat—its being made beforehand expressly to suit the human race?"

"Its *prospective adaptation*, you should say," interrupted Marjory.

"Be quiet, Marjory," cried her brother, rather unceremoniously; "you like long words, because you have so few ideas."

"Let dogs delight," replied Marjory, shaking her head gravely.

"Hush, children," said their mother; "leave jesting for the present. I look upon this subject as in some sort a sacred one, because it relates to the eternal purposes of HIM who is so much greater than all his works. All nature is full of them, so that any one may read who has his eyes open; but nowhere are they written in more legible characters than in the adaptation between the wants of man and the structure, both mental and physical, of the animals subordinate to him. The sheep, which is made to clothe and feed us; the horse, with his wonderful muscular power, and the admirable qualities which make him the glory of his rider in peace and war; the camel, in whose structure is written a whole natural history of the desert, with its sand, its barrenness, and its thirst;—all these manifest the ETERNAL THOUGHT, and ETERNAL WILL. In those creatures it is the *physical* conformation that strikes us most forcibly. The amount and quality of their faculties are indeed in perfect keeping with it; for an unfailing harmony runs through all the works of the Creator. But it is in the various parts of their physical economy that we look chiefly for instances of adaptation and design. In the

dog, on the other hand, we are first of all struck with the singular development of his mental faculties, and their appropriateness to the place and position assigned him. *In his sympathies* he is the nearest to man, the most intimate in his relations with him of all the brute creation. I remember seeing long ago a picture, by one of the old masters, of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, in which the dog was represented as alone following his former friends in the hour of their desolation and distress. He shrunk, indeed, from the flaming sword of the archangel, and cowered beneath his awful glance, but still bravely followed, while the other animals, remaining behind, continued their gambols unconcerned. *They* we may imagine likewise to have entered the ark in long procession, side by side; but we cannot think of the dog except as in the front rank with Noah and his sons, looking up into the patriarchal faces, as if to ask whither they were going."

"And I am sure one of the ladies must have had a spaniel in her arms," cried Marjory.

"It isn't easy to think of men anywhere without the dog," said Arthur. "That Charlie must have been a fine fellow that ran after the bombshells in the Crimea!"

"Regiments scarcely ever want their dog," said Mrs. Myrtle, "who is the friend and favourite of them all—who is quite conscious of the importance of his position, and will mount guard with the best of them. In Edin-

burgh there was, a good many years ago, a celebrated dog belonging to the fire brigade, who kept watch over all the fires that broke out in the town and neighbourhood. On one occasion an alarm was given, and no one could find out where the fire was, until the dog discovered it about three miles away in a westerly direction. In short, no body of men like to be without their dog, because he makes their interests, their business, their sympathies, his own, and with all his might brings his brute faculties into the peculiar service required of him."

"Do you think that much is owing to the effect of training?" asked Arthur.

"Training effects very much in the way of sharpening his intelligence, altering his modes of taking game, and so on," replied Mrs. Myrtle; "but it could no more inspire feelings of affection or honesty than it could give sight to the blind. Besides, we have many proofs that these feelings are original. In the towns of the East, where they live and multiply without masters, dogs assume, during the night, the charge of all property, without any one's having entrusted it to them. No thieves dare approach the wharves, the boats, or the goods of which they have assumed the care. This is wholly the result of instinct, without training or direction of any kind. Thus we find that the dog has been endowed with qualities analogous to those of the human

being. If man is capable of being faithful to his trust, and dying in defence of it, so is the dog. Man is grateful for kindness, sensible of displeasure or neglect, joyful in the presence of those he loves, sad and depressed in their absence—all this the dog feels in an equal if not a higher degree than himself. Yet those two natures, although so near, stand at an immeasurable distance from each other. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed impassable by either. In order to bridge this gulf, and impress common qualities upon creatures so very wide apart, must there not of necessity be some nature different from both, who can comprehend both, and which yet is infinitely superior to either? Is it not so, Arthur?"

"You mean to say, mamma, that if the dog has derived his higher qualities as little from man as man has got his from him, there must be some great original antitype which has impressed them on both."

"Yes," said his mother; "as for example, when we find the same hieroglyphic forms on the obelisks here, and on those of another country far across the sea, we infer that they are the workmanship of the same people."

"Or," said Marjory, "if I receive a letter from a friend in the far north, with a very peculiar impression on the wax, and if I get another with the very same impression from another friend in England or France, I must con-

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"God's face is seen in all the pictures in the world. In the little dog and the little flower, it is always there; I have seen it many and many a time."

"May you see it, dear children," said their mother, "where it is still more beautiful—in God's own Son, the Saviour of men—in Him who is the image of that boundless love which dwells in the bosom of the Infinite and Invisible."

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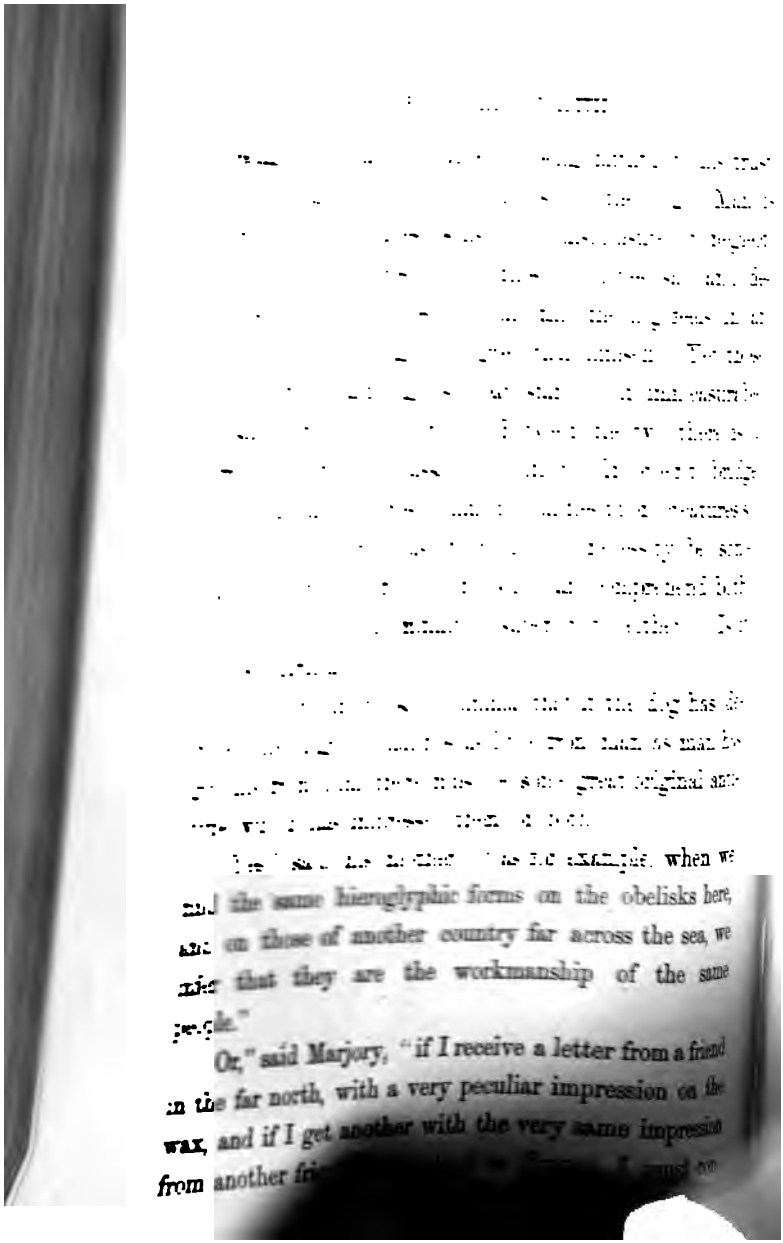
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"Aren't you going to tell us any more stories?" said Harry.

"Not about the dog, at any rate," said Mrs. Myrtle. "Volumes have been written about him; but you must find out all the rest for yourself, either in books, or by observing with your own eyes and attention. What I want to teach you is, that whatever part of God's works you study, you *may see his face in them;* and I want you to learn to put everything in its own place—that is, where God has put it, and nowhere else."

"Do you mean by that," asked Arthur, "the exact order, and class, and family, where naturalists have placed them?"

"Not altogether," replied Mrs. Myrtle. "For example, I have called the dog the nearest in his relation to man, and he is so in many respects, without any mistake; but you know that naturalists give that place to the *quadrumana,* or monkeys, because of certain resemblances in natural structure. He who is a naturalist, and nothing more, seeks to discover the links by which one organized being is connected with others before and behind it in the scale of existence. He who seeks to decipher the meaning of its Creator, wishes to find its relation to the whole, and the purpose it serves in the *economy* of creation. I fear it is possible to be familiar *with* orders, classes, and families, and for all that never,

as Harry says, to have seen God's face in any of them. Yet, without doubt, the studies of the naturalist are necessary to a full and right understanding of the works of the Creator.

"If you were to find a new animal that you had never seen before, mamma," asked Arthur, "what would you do with it? How would you study it? Would you find its place in Cuvier, to begin with?"

"Every animal is new to us," said Mrs. Myrtle, "that we have not yet examined. However, in the case you mention, I would *not* proceed first to find its place in Cuvier, as you say. If I were satisfied with that, natural history would be to me a mere artificial thing, productive of very little pleasure and very little good. I think I would, first of all, observe what means God had furnished it with for providing for its own support. I should thus form some idea of the sort of place He meant it to occupy in His great household. Next, as the workmanship of the same Great Being as myself, I would establish a sympathy with it—try to put myself *en rapport* with it, as it were, watch with interest its habits and ways of life, and study its peculiar temper and dispositions. Then I could with more ease and comfort subject it to the inspection which would lead it to its place on the naturalist's shelf."

"A shelf," said Marjory, "is rather a constrained position. I should not like to have always to think of

myself as order mammalia, genus *homo*—the possessor of just so many teeth and toes!"

"Nor would others have a very good idea of you, if you were only so described to them," said her mamma, smiling. "I daresay they would like best to see you at ease within your *father's house*. Then let us concede the same privilege to all other members of the family of sentient beings."

"Don't *savages* have a great sympathy with the lower animals?" said Marjory. "I have been reading Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' which is, I fancy, quite a true picture of savage life; and it seemed to me that his Indians always spoke of beasts, birds, and fishes, as if they were rational creatures that didn't choose to speak."

"That is perfectly true," said Mrs. Myrtle; "savages everywhere *have* a great sympathy with animal life. It must arise partly from their dependence upon hunting and fishing as a means of subsistence, and their bringing all their faculties of observation, with the same cunning and skill, to the capture of the different animals, as they would to that of their human foes of some hostile tribe. Partly it is, that from their intimacy with the wonderful instincts of the brute creation, which are, indeed, far beyond the power of the wisest of us to fathom, they imbibe a superstitious veneration for them, not far removed in spirit from the Pantheism of the old Egyptians.

"*But* we must now do what we can to put the dog

on the *shelf of science*, for the benefit of the little ones; so do you, Arthur, have the goodness to introduce Master Nero."

Arthur went and half opened the door, gave a peculiar whistle, and in a minute afterwards, Nero, a fine Newfoundlander, made his *entrée*, while Arthur introduced him to the company.

"Can you tell me now, Bessie," said her mamma, "how many animals I have told you of which belong to the canine or dog race?"

"Not many, mamma," replied Bessie, "although they have taken a long time to tell about. I think it is only wolves and jackals besides the domestic dog; for you said the hyænas were not dogs, because they have a different number of teeth."

"No; if I had gone quite in the scientific order, I should have given you the foxes instead of the hyænas. They have the same natural characteristics, are properly dogs, and yet their habits and modes of life seem to me much less canine than those of the hyæna. So, instead of taking up time with speaking about them, you, Bessie, shall read some things which I will give you on the subject. You shall afterwards tell me the substance, and likewise repeat to Harry as much as he can understand."

"Doesn't Nero belong to the—*mammas?*" said Bessie, hesitating.

"Be respectful, Bessie," cried Marjory; "the *mammalia*, you mean."

"Yes, yes," responded Bessie. "Kate Williams' beautiful Newfoundland had such pretty pups! They had their eyes shut for twelve days, and Kate was to get a guinea for each as soon as they were nursed. I know, too, that one she kept for herself changed its teeth when it was four months old."

"The mammalia is *the class* that dogs as well as cats belong to," said Mrs. Myrtle. "And you will be surprised at the number of unlikely creatures that belong to it besides. The bats, for example—those ugly things, as you called them, that look like mice with wings; the great whales that live in the sea; and a number of others, Bessie, united to yourself in the same relationship in the kingdom of God, that you had very little idea of. Now the next fact that we must ascertain, to arrive at the *order* as well as class to which our friend here belongs, is *what he is made to live upon.* Is he an animal of prey, or not?"

"Nero eats what comes off the left plates at dinner," said Harry; "that isn't prey."

"But if he is like the wolves and jackals," rejoined Bessie, "he is half and half; I mean that they eat the flesh of creatures that they find dead, as well as those that they kill for themselves. I know dogs are meant *to eat living* creatures, because they hunt hares, and

deer, and game, and I suppose would eat them if they hadn't been taught not to do it. But are they ever *scavengers*, like the hyænas and jackals?"

"That they are," her mamma replied. "In warm countries they are partners in precisely the same sort of business. In Constantinople, the Turkish capital, where they are allowed to multiply in a half-wild state, and where they assume, as I told you, the guardianship of property, they divide the town into districts, into which they will not allow any strange dog, and with difficulty, any but turbaned men, to enter; and there they act the part of scavengers, keeping the streets free from putrefying flesh. Very ill off the Turks—who have not learned the habits of civilized life, according to our ideas of it—would be without them. It is wonderful, nevertheless, what a capacity the dog—who is meant to follow man all over the world—has, like man, of varying his food. You know Nero likes a nice sweet cake quite as well as pussy does; but in the Samoan Islands, where dogs are *eaten*, and where a baked dog is the greatest possible luxury, they are fed entirely on vegetable diet, never touching animal food at all. But although capable of varying their food in this manner, dogs, as well as cats, live on animal food as their proper diet, which makes them both belong to the order CARNARIA."

"Do you mean by animal food just flesh-meat?" asked Bessie.

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"You mean to say, mamma, that if the dog has derived his higher qualities as little from man as man has got his from him, there must be some great original antitype which has impressed them on both."

"Yes," said his mother; "as for example, when we find the same hieroglyphic forms on the obelisks here, and on those of another country far across the sea, we infer that they are the workmanship of the same people."

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you fix upon will, as you go backwards, have an increased circle of relatives."

"Just let us try," said Marjory; "though I daresay we cannot count them all, nor the twentieth part of them. Let us take Nero here for an example. Ah, Master Nero, you little guess where you stand in this world, and what a vast circle of relationships naturalists have given you. Well, I suppose, as a variety, your nearest friends are all the Newfoundland dogs in existence!"

"And as a species," said Arthur, "all domestic dogs of every description."

"But as a *genus*," joined in Mrs. Myrtle, "you have got not only all the varieties of domestic dogs, but jackals, wolves, and foxes. By the way, you must take notice that the characteristic distinction between a dog proper and a wolf, is, that the former holds its tail erect, while the wolf carries his like a dog which has been scolded or frightened."

"That is," said Marjory, "as much as to say on the dog's part, 'I am not a craven wolf, but a brave dog of the family, and an ally of the human race.' But now for *tribes*. Ah, Master Nero! here the circle of your relations enlarges vastly, and you don't like some of them too well. Here comes in the cats, your natural enemies; and weasels and otters, who are no less so."

"Then," rejoined Arthur, "in the same family—that

is, the carnivora—we come to include likewise the *plantigrada*, the bears, badgers, racoons, and so on; for they, too, live upon flesh meat; and if we go on to *order*, we have to bring in bats, and even seals and walruses, according to Cuvier. I think, mamma, they all belong to the carnaria."

"And at last, Master Nero," said Marjory, "I suppose I must hide my diminished head, and likewise own you for a relation. Man, monkeys, carnaria, whales, those pouched creatures the marsupials, with a host of others, all belong to the class MAMMALIA. Isn't it rather humbling, mamma, in every book of natural history to find ourselves marching at the head of such a vast number of odd tribes of relations!"

"Yes, my love; humbling to that which is worst within us,—to that self-isolation and forbidden pride which would say to the creatures of God's hand, 'Stand aloof! we have nothing in common; I am this world's divinity, and if ye do not minister to my comfort and pleasure, *ye ought not to be.*' God does not speak so, either by his works in the present and the long-stretching past, or in his holy Word. *He loves his creatures for their own sakes.* In those majestic words, addressed to his servant Job, He deigns to give utterance to a song of rejoicing in the works of his own hands. He glories in the wild freedom of the brute tenants of wilderness and waters. He triumphs in their strength, and through

them asserts his own sovereignty, and laughs to scorn all the pride of man. 'Will the unicorn be willing to serve *thee*, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou take leviathan as a servant for ever?' Why, then, should *we*—who, like the inferior animals, are born, and eat, and die—deny them our sympathies, or refuse to acknowledge that, in their lives and instincts, God makes manifest mysterious depths of wisdom and knowledge, so different from what he has developed in us, that man cannot fathom them, but, like Job, should abase himself in the dust and worship. On the other hand, dear children, let us remember that God made ourselves only a little lower than the angels; that he has *crowned* us with glory and honour in giving us those souls, which are within us the incorruptible germs of an immortal life. Let us hold fast this birthright, and neglect or despise no means of developing aright that 'spirit of MAN which goeth upward,' in a never-ending progress towards the great and glorious Being, who is the SOURCE OF LIFE."









